HEINRICH MANN
RAMON J. SENDER
ROMAIN ROLLAND

Challenge to the Barbarians

NEW MASSES

APRIL 26, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

But—Catalonia Broke Napoleon

A CABLE FROM SPAIN

By Joseph North

Roosevelt and the South

By Lee Coller

Harvard Goes to Hicks

By Winthrop Praed

Homes for the One-Third

By Sidney Hill

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

MANY church and peace groups, which participate in the National Council for the Prevention of War, have informed us that their members will attend the debate between Earl Browder and Frederick J. Libby at Madison Square Garden on May 4. Other organizations are taking advantage of the discount being offered for the purchase of twenty or more tickets. The Bronx County organization of the Communist Party has taken seven hundred tickets and plans to sell two thousand tickets. All organizations interested should call Tiba Garlin, NEW MASSES office, Caledonia 5-3076, for detailed information. All seats are reserved, with the exception of the forty-cent section.

Dr. Chao-ting Chi, lecturer on Far Eastern Economics at the New School for Social Research and a member of the editorial board of *Amerasia*, will replace Theodore Draper, NEW MASSES foreign editor, in the "Crux of the News" lecture series. Draper, who is in Europe gathering material for NEW MASSES, was scheduled to speak on April 27.

Because of the conflict with the Earl Browder-Frederick J. Libby debate on May 4, Granville Hicks' lecture on "The American Literary Scene—1938" has been postponed to May 18.

We ask our readers to turn to page 11 for recapitulation of NEW MASSES $20,000 sustaining fund. Fill out the coupon and mail immediately.

Three NEW MASSES editors are on forthcoming publishers' lists. A. B. Magil is co-author, with Henry Stevens, of a book on fascist tendencies in the United States, scheduled for May publication by International Publishers; Covici-Friede will publish a collection of Robert Forsythe's NEW MASSES articles, entitled *Reading from Left to Right* in June; and Modern Age Books will issue *I Like America* by Granville Hicks on May 16.

Anna Louise Strong writes that our title for her article in last week's issue, "The Army That's Defeating Japan," was misleading. "Not only the Eighth Route Army is defeating Japan, but other armies also," she writes, "the biggest defeat of Japan in history having been inflicted by the armies in Shantung under the Kwangsi general, Li Tsung-jen." Miss Strong also corrects a reference in the article to "recognized Red Army" that should have read "reorganized Red Army."

What's What

THIS space has been so diminished for many weeks by our fund appeals that we have fallen far behind in noting readers' comments on the magazine. We hope to begin catching up with next week's issue. One complaint we should place on record comes from Mrs. Rose Cohen, of Cohen's Grocery store, 37 Lincoln Rd., Brooklyn, who informs us that ever since John L. Spivak's series on anti-Semitism, in 1934, her store has not been selling Gulden's mustard. The reason: Royal Scott Gulden was revealed by Spivak as an important factor in the anti-Semitic plotting. But—"the last American Jewish Congress cleared Gulden's mustard of any connection with Royal Scott Gulden." As we recall the matter, so did NEW MASSES at the time, and we also offered the Gulden mustard company space to make their disassociation clear, an offer of which they did not avail themselves.

And E. J., of New York, writes that A. B. Magil's recent analysis of the role of the little businessman in progressive movements caused him and a group of his friends (presumably little businessmen) to make a donation to the NEW MASSES $20,000 drive.

The League of American Writers, together with the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, is conducting a literary contest with prizes of $1,000 on the subject, "The anti-fascist struggle in Spain today, and its relation to the general welfare of the American citizen of tomorrow." The contest is open to all American college students. Material may be poetry, prose, film, or radio script, fiction, drama, or essay, and there are no limits as to length. The judges include Elliot Paul, Donald Ogden Stewart, Jean Starr Untermeyer, H. V. Kaltenborn, Robert Morss Lovett, and Clifford Odets.

The I. L. D. informs us that our article and letter on the Westville miners' case (Feb. 22 and March 8) resulted in several donations, one for $100, being sent in for the defense of civil liberties in Illinois.

Among the many who have written us in recent weeks, in praise or criticism, were: Hans Kroyer, C. B. Voynow, Jeanne Taylor, Henry W. Spitten, Burton Soffion, Leslie Potter, Morton Krieger, Elsie Tanka, Newell Martin, Leslie R. Arnold, D. W. Nevins, Sam Slingsby, Gertrude Maynard, Howard B. Norton, Hector K. Lee, Miss Jacqueline Johnson, Anna Abosch, Herbert Rote, J. Hyman, Joseph Machlis, Gabriel Braverman, F. S. Freeman, Lloyd J. Reynolds, Jack Zurofsky, J. B. Boonin, Sylvia Appelbaum, L. Ovson, F. Franks, Rolla E. Twisselmann, Max Hanover, George Mutnick, Stanley M. Partridge, A. L. Buckman, M. R., M. Greenblatt, E. W. Bard, Eugene Lavine, Jack Dobofsky, M. A. Campbell, Marion Stone Merriman, Helen V. Schmitt, Agnes W. Spencer, C. Gurewitz, Hilda Gorman, Harold Metcalfe, Aaron Joseph, J. C. and M. Lessinger, Hugo Forzani, Sara B. Hutton, J. D. Brennard, D. S. MacQuarrie, Samuel Peloso, Frank Brown, Pearl Rosenthal, E. Lock, W. A. Jameson, Joseph Hollos, M. D., Lawrence Beneder, Sidney Ginsburg, Edward Sell, J. A. Fenton, Arthur Lewis Lampert, S. G. Bloomfield, Clara F. Weatherwax.

Who's Who

HEINRICH MANN, the brother of Thomas Mann, is president of the German People's Front and is the author of *In the Land of Cockaigne, The Man of Power,* and other books. . . . Ramon J. Sender is the author of *Seven Red Sundays, Mr. Witt Among the Rebels,* and the recent *Counter-Attack in Spain.* He is now touring this country in behalf of the Spanish government. . . . Romain Rolland is the author of *Jean Cristophe* and other distinguished novels. As an unremitting foe of the World War, a staunch friend of the Soviet Union, and a fighter for progress on all fronts, he has earned the love and respect of millions. . . . Winthrop Praed is a recent Harvard graduate, living in Belmont, Mass. . . . Lee Coller was formerly associate editor of the Louisiana *Federationist,* an official A. F. of L. paper, and more recently was editor of the *New South,* a magazine of opinion published by the Communist Party. At present she is at work on a book on progressive movements in the South. . . . Sidney Hill is a New York architect and housing expert. . . . Newton Arvin, who is the author of a biography of Hawthorne and editor of *The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals,* is at work on a book on Whitman. . . . Muriel Rukeyser is the author of *Theory of Flight* and *U. S. 1.* Her verse has frequently appeared in NEW MASSES.

Flashbacks

"TEN HOURS well and faithfully employed is as much as an employer ought to receive, or require, for a day's work; and is as much as any artisan, mechanic, or laborer ought to give," resolved New York's workingmen, April 23, 1829, just ninety-nine years ago this week. They added: "If those in whose power it is to give employment, withhold such employment, or will only give it in such a manner as to exact excessive toil, and at a price which does not give a just return, such persons contravene the first law of society and subject themselves to the displeasure of a just community." On April 28, over five thousand mechanics met in support of the resolution for a ten-hour day and decided, in addition, on publication in the "public papers" of the names "of those who shall hereafter work more than ten hours a day, or require or receive it." . . . Last year on April 26 the United States Supreme Court set aside the conviction of the young Negro Communist leader, Angelo Herndon. . . . Lenin was born April 22, 1870.

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES
APRIL 26, 1938

A. Blashko

Challenge to the Barbarians

COURAGE

By Heinrich Mann

THREE weeks ago Premier Hodza won the prize for courage. After his speech they said in France, "The Czechs are the bravest people in Europe."

Nowadays a nation and a cabinet minister make an impression simply by not allowing anyone to use an animal trainer's whip in dealing with them. Anyone who says, "This is not a menagerie, and we shall defend ourselves if attacked," has courage.

Things have come to such a pass. In the past it was taken for granted that everyone defended himself. That is hardly expected any more. The aggressor, rather, is considered so fear-inspiring that his threats suffice. Matters do not go as far as aggression; one bends the knee beforehand.

The aggressor is bankrupt. The aggressor has ruined his own country as best he could. His people is unfree, it is hungry, it does not trust the leadership of the state; and if war should come, the people hardly doubts that its oppressors would lose it. It is a matter of temperament whether this eventuality would not be desired by the oppressed.

Yet in a world without courage the aggressor is held to be frightful. This timid world interprets everything in his favor. Diplomatic successes that are not successes at all. Acts of international violence that resemble war, but one refrains from declaring war; one does dare, however, to drop bombs upon the defenseless. Still, that is enough to make the world freeze in terror.

In its terror this very same world cries, "Hail and victory!" when a man has to purge, subdue, coördinate his own army—after five years of unrestricted rule. It was, as we see, not at all unrestricted. The dictator possesses neither the people nor the army. The world takes fright; the oftener he reveals his weakness, the more terrifying it finds him.

All because he talks big. Because he roars for three hours in front of his paid stagehands—against foreign governments that he will not tolerate, against peoples that he will put in his pocket. Good. He doesn't tolerate. He wipes out, and he puts in his pocket. But does he really do it? He threatens. Thereupon universal shaking at the knees. Ministers are dismissed. Negotiations are begged for.

They are afraid, and that is understandable. There never has been a world without fear; life is a game of fear, especially politics. Someone has always feared someone else. Whoever had something to defend made mistake after mistake out of pure fear; that explains the sad end of the great emperor, Napoleon.

Napoleon really conquered the world, which can't be said of everyone. Yet the

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world never stood nearly as much in fear of him as it stands in fear today of the man who has conquered nothing, actually nothing. Since human courage is a product of human fear, Europe found the courage to defend itself against Napoleon at the time, and it finally conquered the man who had terrified everyone until he himself lost his head because of fear.

It is to be expected that once again the world will be seized with a fit of courage after its fit of fear. Just have patience. We already know that the aggressor has more to fear than anybody else. He threatens because he must. The closer he is to fear and terror himself, the more fear and terror he spreads. It is his nightmare that somebody might mobilize—no matter whether a big or small army. The Austrian Army would have been too much for him.

So it came to pass. The little army was not mobilized. The few troops were withdrawn from the frontier into the interior to prevent the shedding of German blood. What German blood? The blood of the little people that let itself be invaded will flow copiously. But the aggressor, pleased with his deeds, stands within the country and calls his invasion, as he will always call the whole plague that he is spreading: a German revolution.

How many countries, big and small, want to let themselves be overpowered by the aggressor who knows fear very well but shame not at all? Ten regiments at war strength, which actually shoot, would have driven a poisonous but cowardly reptile back into its hole.

UNDERSTANDING

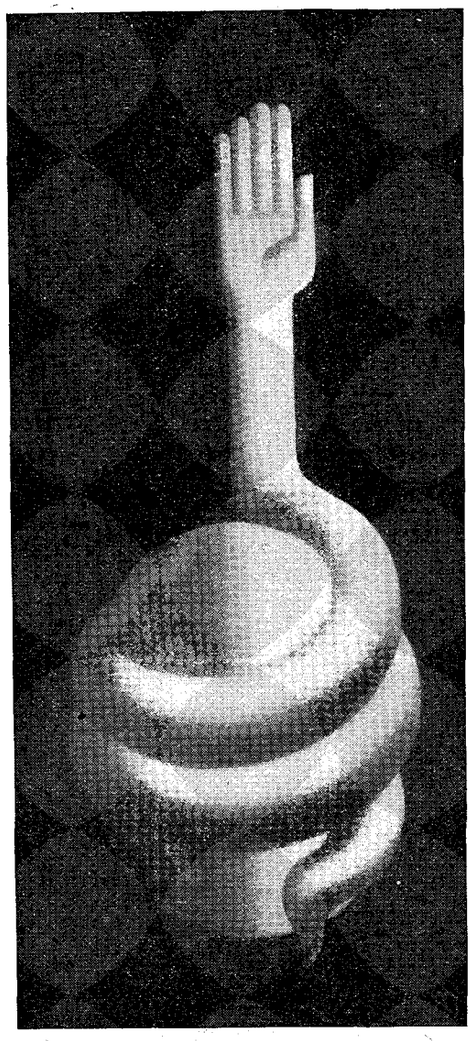
By Ramon J. Sender

IT is an error to regard the advantage obtained by the rebels during the past few weeks in Spain as decisive. Though the majority of readers may treat my statement as unjustified optimism, I say once more, in full and serene confidence as to the future, that an ultimate Franco victory is impossible.

Our great disadvantage on the military side, as the whole world knows, has arisen from our complete abandonment by the European democracies at a time when the rebels were receiving daily shipments of the best material of Germany and Italy plus shock forces from the latter country and troops raised by the African tribal chiefs in Morocco and Libya. That was an error that the democracies will pay for in days to come. No one dares wash his hands of a struggle between two currents that involve the energies and vital forces of our time. And if anyone, denying his own personality and character, tries to remain aloof from the struggle, he cannot succeed without falling into a state of personal disintegration. Individually or collectively, if we betray life, we court our own death.

We Spaniards have endured enormous injustices at the hands of history, but the greatest of all is that which today overwhelms us: misunderstanding. Perhaps Europe's whole table of values is not suited to measuring and judging the Spanish people. Perhaps, for that reason, it is not understood that the heroic striving, the sublime passion of our people, can be polarized by a democratic constitution. Perhaps they do not understand that a whole people fights to the death, animated by a true idealism, an idealism that has been lost and forgotten (they like to say "that has been outgrown") by the petty bourgeoisie of older democracies. But that idealism, which at bottom is simply the faith of man in man, constitutes the foundation of the thinking, the art, and the political history of Spain, and it is the motor force of our struggle. The monumental phrase pronounced by Dolores Ibarruri, "It is better to die on one's feet than to live on one's knees," is one aspect of that idealism: dignity. Our whole history has been faithful to that countersign. Neither the Inquisition nor the absolutisms nor the invasions of the past century were able to destroy that civic passion for dignity and liberty. Franco's fascists find themselves repeatedly given the lie by history. There has always been a will to annihilate, to crush popular consciousness in Spain, but that will was never able to move on to the end. The monarchy was forced to accept democratic formulas.* The Church had to use iron and fire to preserve some of its privileges in the midst of hostility and unpopularity. The army had to submit to the formulas of civil democracy even in the years of the empire, of expansion in Europe, and of conquest in America. The monarchy, the Church, and the army forgot, once again, during the seven recent years of prætorianism [the dictatorship of Gen. Primo de Rivera—Translator] these essential conditions, this vital principle of Spain. The monarchy, the clergy, and the saber-rattlers collapsed (April 14, 1931). The struggle today is for the maintenance of the principles achieved then. If this truth will not fit into the European table of values, it is no less a fundamental truth. Neither does the defense of Madrid fit into the table of values of military science, and it is incomprehensible to European general staffs, but Madrid continues to be an invincible city.

This misunderstanding has been very thoroughly exploited by the enemies of peace and democracy. By means of that misunderstanding, Germany and Italy have sought to isolate us, and, in the sphere of the chancelleries, they have succeeded thus far. But they cannot succeed in the plane of true social realities and human solidarity. The English people are with us, and so are the French. You know better than I how far the same may be said of the American people. The chancelleries operate according to formulas and interests, the



Painting by Alex Haberstroh

Fascism Crushes the World

* Aragonese monarchs heard the following protocolary formula upon coronation: "We, each of whom is as worthy as you and all together much more worthy, name you king. You shall be king if you keep our laws and respect our privileges [liberties]. And if not, you shall not be. (*Y si no, no.*)"

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people according to intuitions and according to their own "constants" of defense. The latter never fails. By paths more or less tortuous it arrives where it should. In the end it is the only infallible truth, that "truth stronger than death" inherited by us through ages of struggle and of creation, and which we shall leave flaming in the conviction of those who shall succeed us. This Spanish truth, exacerbated through two years of struggle, has thrust its roots throughout the world. This truth lives on in the Spain that Franco wished to annihilate, and it will go on resisting, in loyalist Spain, every proof by fire and blood. When we have no other resource, we can fall back on miracles. If the resistance of Madrid is a miracle for European general staffs, the miracle will be repeated as often as necessary to permit us to go on resisting and to win in the end.

One December day in Madrid an old militiaman, engaged in rescuing the inhabitants of a house destroyed by the German aviation, said to me, "We must win. No one can prevent our winning." And, contemplating the stretchers of dead and wounded lined up in the street, he added: "If we were to lose, it would be as though the whole world had committed suicide." Through this worker, the faith of man in life was speaking, the faith that has presided over all human achievement to our day. It may be said that all this is just humanist lyricism and that wars, like mathematical truth, are won by figures. But one who knew something of war said that wars are won by the spirit. That man was Napoleon. I will not go as far as that, but it is undeniable that cannon, planes, and tanks can conquer a territory, but they cannot conquer or subdue a people like ours. The situation, in all its simplicity and all its grandeur, is this: Franco might succeed in delivering Spain over to fascist Germany and Italy, but though they win the war, Franco, Italy, and Germany would lose in peace. That is to say, they would find themselves confronted in Spain with a colonial reality, each day more artificial and impossible to maintain. It may be supposed that Hitler and Mussolini know this, that the only thing they seek in Spain is to take rapid advantage of the conditions created by our momentary defeat in order to make use of the Pyrenees and the Cantabrian and Mediterranean coasts as military, naval, and air bases for a great war maneuver in Europe.

But the government of the republic can make all this impossible. We republicans can win the war, the military fact of the war, and to do so we do not need to wait for a world war (which the Spanish government has, in any case, completely eliminated in the consideration of its defense perspective) or even the aid of any other country. The reëstablishment of its international rights would suffice. The disappearance of the conditions that have made it impossible to obtain supplies of arms and munitions abroad would be enough. That is a right which history never denied to a country attacked and invaded. This was another of the surprises that the strange reticence of the European and American world in face of the danger of war held in store for us. Perhaps today they are beginning to see that peace can be won only in the trenches of Spain and that the dangers of war cannot be avoided by fleeing them but only by making them disappear. Hitler and Mussolini, who are more afraid than anyone else of a war for which they are not prepared, will nevertheless be shoved into war by the results of their own policy of speculating on the fear of others. Both they and the others would lead us to an immense chaos behind which looms the great question of our century.

UNITY

By Romain Rolland

A NOBLE call for the union of French intellectuals has just been issued by thirteen writers belonging to different parties. I add my voice to theirs.

Oh, my colleagues of French thought—writers, artists, men of science—allow one of your elders to make his confession, and yours, at this grave hour for France!

All of us have labored as best we could; and no country can be prouder than ours of the great work and the genius of her children. Steadily and without relaxing we continue the line of the good workers in the intellectual field who have been serving and honoring the French community for centuries. But too often we also continue their dissensions and conflicts.

In untroubled times it is healthy for all the debates of the mind to develop to the full: they widen the field of exploration of art and science; they provoke an abundance of experience and of contradictory and complementary discoveries. Even the passions over-excited by these intellectual jousts are the ransom of these conquests, which become the property of all.

But at times when common property is threatened quarrels must cease, divisions must be wiped out at once, and from all the nation's parties hands must be extended to meet together. Let the union be sealed!

At no time has this imposed itself with such imperious necessity as at the present, when not only the fate of a nation is at stake, but the sacred values of civilization—all the culture of the world, menaced in its most precious conquests of the last few centuries, in its heroic efforts for progress, in its dignity, in its liberty. What none of us had foreseen thirty years ago is here: the civilization of the West sees the barbarians issuing from its own loins; it sees rising against it madmen, such as this gang-leader who hurled into the dying face of Unamuno, "Death to intelligence!" A fierce wind of a new Islam has risen against the most civilized older nations; fanatic prophets, bearing a Koran for war against the "infidels," are launching blind and devouring hordes, with their fleets of black planes, upon the world.

This savage inundation, which has already overrun the frontiers, which has just engulfed old Austria, which is covering a part of Spain, piling up at the gates of Czechoslovakia, and flinging its menacing defi to all the democracies of the world, is encircling France from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, from the Vosges to the Alps and the Pyrenees. In the eyes of the world, France has the doubtful honor of having become the last Continental citadel of liberty—of liberty in all its most vital forms, most essential to any human society, any progress: political and social liberty, intellectual liberty, even religious liberty—since at the present time the barbarian tide threatens to carry away, together with freedom of the mind and the ideal of social justice, of mutual respect, and of the equality of men and of races, the religions that claim the two- and three-thousand-year-old heritage of the Gospel and the Bible.

All the Old World, and all the New, witness this brutal assault rising against them. And when one thinks of the tremendous material and moral forces which they represent, their debility makes one blush. Their weakness indicts their disunion. Their disunion makes for the arrogance and the might of the adversary. If their alliance were sealed, the invasions would be shattered upon it, as the Arabs were at Poitiers.

Let us achieve unity! My associates of all the branches of intellectual activity, let us give the example, let us realize it! Let us declare a truce to all our discords! All of us desire fruitful peace, the peace of the world, peace for all in labor, and equal justice for all. But in our time—at all times—peace is given only to those who have the courage to want it and to defend it. Our old Victor Hugo said, "Let us declare peace for the world!" We can do it only by being united and strong.

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SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS

Fred Ellis

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Harvard Goes to Hicks

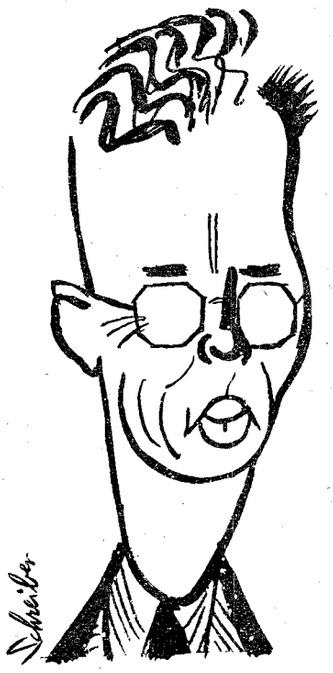
By Winthrop Praed

A YEAR ago Harvard gave terminating appointments, equivalent to dismissal, to two brilliant economics instructors, Walsh and Sweezy, who had been active leaders in the Teachers' Union. This dismissal raised serious questions about the quality of Harvard's liberalism. Now it has been announced, to the accompaniment of a fantastic hullabaloo in the Boston papers, that Harvard has made Granville Hicks a counselor in its American culture program. Author of *John Reed* and *The Great Tradition,* an editor of NEW MASSES, Hicks is probably the first avowed Communist to be added to the staff of an important American university since the beginning of the depression, a period during which so many teachers, including Hicks himself, have been dropped for their political activities.

This was an excellent choice from Harvard's point of view, and very much to its credit. It seems also to dispose of the questions that the Walsh-Sweezy dismissal raised. Actually it does not. It has never been difficult for brilliant students to get jobs at Harvard, even though their political views were somewhat unorthodox. But advancement is another matter. What the Walsh-Sweezy dismissal did was to confirm the general impression that promotion in the fields of the social sciences was open only to those who unmistakably proved their conservatism. Despite Harvard's reputation, there is not a single professor with permanent tenure in the departments of history, government, economics, or sociology who is a Marxist of any kind or who even gives a fundamentally sympathetic interpretation of the role of the labor movement in modern society.

Throughout its history Harvard has contributed great nonconformists and rebels to the stream of American life. But by the very nature of things, its wealth, its governing boards, its alumni, and its students, it is preponderantly conservative. In its negative liberalism or tolerance it is fairly consistent, but its more positive acts have always been sporadic. It must be remembered that Hicks, despite his professorial rank at Renssalaer and the general academic respect in which *The Great Tradition* is held, has been appointed for only a year and with money from a special gift. Howard Mumford Jones, in talking to newspapermen, laid stress on the fact that Hicks had merely been given a fellowship, and would not be a regular tutor or instructor. He is one of six, chosen "to encourage informally extra-curricular study of American history and civilization among upper-classmen in the Harvard house plan."

Hicks has been brought to Harvard as part of a program to increase the general knowledge of American cultural development, a program that was born with the Tercentenary, and that has been one of President Conant's major interests ever since. He appointed a faculty committee to prepare bibliographies and devise voluntary examinations for students, graduates, and the general public. Doctor's degrees are also to be awarded in this field. Some of the Boston newspapers, glad to see a move in what seemed the right direction, hailed the program as a patriotic effort to wean students away from foreign "isms" and inculcate a proper reverence for the Constitution and the American tradition as the schoolbooks picture it. The degree was sometimes referred to as the "fascist degree."



Georges Schreiber

Granville Hicks

But in the last two years, with the founding and rapid development of the Teachers' Union and with the agitation over the Walsh-Sweezy case, there has been a strong liberal movement among the faculty. The faculty council, for instance, recently voted down President Conant's proposal that enrollment be limited. And the committee in charge of the American culture program, a committee which included prominent members of the Teachers' Union and of the committee investigating the Walsh-Sweezy case, made efforts to free the project from any suspicion of jingoism. They included Emma Goldman, Morris Hillquit, Upton Sinclair, Grace Lumpkin, and the *Proletarian Anthology* in their reading lists, and when the special gift was made for counselors in the houses, Granville Hicks was one of the first possibilities mentioned. The initiative came entirely from Harvard; he had not applied for any post. The committee approved unanimously, and when the list of candidates was sent to the house masters, five out of the seven made Hicks the first choice. He was assigned to Adams House, where, in a discreetly dim spot, the painting of John Reed hangs. Adams House is one of the more conservative houses, but the associates there felt that if they could seclude Hicks from the liberals at Leverett House, they might be able to reform him. It is said that the only active objection at Adams House came from a poet of anti-Marxist sentiments who was the subject of a poetic tribute by Hicks in the *New Republic* some months ago. They will have adjoining rooms.

It had been intended that the full list of counselors—the others are young and comparatively unknown—should be released at one time in the college newspaper, together with a careful explanation of their relation to the university. The *Crimson* editor, however, with whom the matter was discussed, became so excited by his responsibilities that he did just what he was urged not to do. He jumped the release date by a day, mentioned only Hicks, and put chief emphasis on the fact that Hicks was an avowed and prominent Communist. The response from the Boston papers was terrific. News of the appointment leaped to the top headlines, and stayed there for three solid days. CONANT BACKS RED SAVANT. HARVARD RED BARES PLANS. STUDENTS REVOLT ON RED PROFESSOR. But they really had no story. The *Crimson* had been so open in its statement that there was nothing for them to "reveal." They prodded seventeen G.A.R. veterans, all over ninety, into passing a resolution. The Watertown lodge of Elks also obliged.

There were one or two protests at the State House. Among the masses in greater Boston over whom the Democratic machine politicians still have influence, Harvard is regarded with mixed awe and hostility. It has many commuting students from poorer families, but except in the classroom they are there on sufferance. Harvard is aloof from the communal life of greater Boston, and except for occasional gestures like its honorary degree to Cardinal O'Connell, is often very tactless in its public relations. As a result the Beacon Hill demagogues attack it whenever they feel they have a popular issue. The teacher's-oath legislation was directed against it. So in some measure was the legislature's investigation into "subversive activities." As a result of the Hicks appointment, Senator Burke, a member of the committee investigating subversive ac-

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tivities, was permitted to extend the time of his committee's activities. Burke is famous for his struggles with the word "boogawhasie" in examining Earl Browder. Representative Francis X. Coyne introduced a bill to remove tax-exemption from any college employing a Communist or fascist of wide repute. This tax-threat has been frequently made, and is one to which Harvard, because of its vast real-estate holdings, is particularly sensitive, but it is not a threat that is likely to be carried into effect.

In Cambridge, a day after the news broke, the police were directed by a public-school teacher to a Negro boy who had some "radical" literature in his possession. He said he was a member of the Young Communist League, that they met in a "cellar" near Harvard Square, were taught by Harvard students and well-dressed women, and that he had promised to recruit 102 members. The police took him around in a prowl car, making him point out supposed members of the League and the places where they lived. Several of those pointed out, the newspapers reported, "looked like professors." The boy, however, said he liked the League and insisted on being given back his membership card. For the next two days this story was mixed in with the Hicks story to frighten parents and try to show that his coming to Harvard was not merely an intellectual matter but part of a "plot" to propagandize among the young.

At Harvard itself the appointment was received with universal favor. The *Crimson* said editorially, "The hiring of Hicks is perhaps the most positive academic step that the university has taken forward this year," and urged that if he proved a good and popular teacher, he be retained in some more important post. The *Crimson* ordinarily is hardly distinguished for its liberalism.

The Hearst *American* and the tabloid *Record* tried desperately to stir up some opposition among the student body, working through Merwin K. Hart, Jr. He is the son of the president of the New York State Economic Council, a gentleman who has demanded the disfranchisement of the unemployed and called for a counter-revolution against Roosevelt before he communizes America. Young Hart started his political career, with a classmate, Michael P. Grace, son of the head of the Grace Lines, by violently attacking the raising of funds at Harvard for medical aid to Spain. They broadened their activities, took what seemed a definitely fascist position, and founded the Young Conservatives, a national college organization, to fight Communism. Under its auspices Marion Anderson came to Harvard to revile the loyalists in Spain, and Gerald K. Smith to promise fascism in this country. Both were received with hoots and groans by a completely unsympathetic audience.

Hart had spoken a few months before in favor of the teacher's oath, pretending to represent student opinion, but actually without authorization even from the Young Conservatives. In the Hicks case the *American* prevailed upon him to sponsor a petition against Hicks' appointment, calling for a mass meeting of protest. This enabled the *American* to print stories of a student "revolt." But even though, according to the *Crimson, American* reporters themselves went around seeking signatures to the petition, not one student signed it. And then, curiously enough, the Young Conservatives ejected Hart from their executive council, and issued a statement approving of Hicks' appointment!

The university has remained firm in its position that any outside interference with faculty matters is unthinkable. There is no possibility of its backing down. Some alumni objection there will probably be, although alumni feeling is directed mainly against the New Deal, as in the storm of protests against making Landis dean of the law school and giving Secretary Wallace an honorary degree. It is reported that one man telephoned to say that he had two sons at Adams House and would withdraw them if Hicks came, but since he did not give his name he was not taken very seriously.

Harvard gains doubly from this appointment, both because of Hicks' brilliance as a teacher and his profound understanding of American culture, and also because his coming repairs the damage done Harvard's reputation by the Walsh-Sweezy case. The cost is some days of newspaper furor and a slight worsening of relations with Beacon Hill. Its significance educationally and intellectually within the university is less clear. Some feel that the liberals will be expected to be satisfied with this, and that the excitement raised over it will be used as an excuse against making any more concessions and against advancing or appointing other men of heretical opinions. A student in a seminar given by a member of the committee who appointed Hicks asked about his political views.

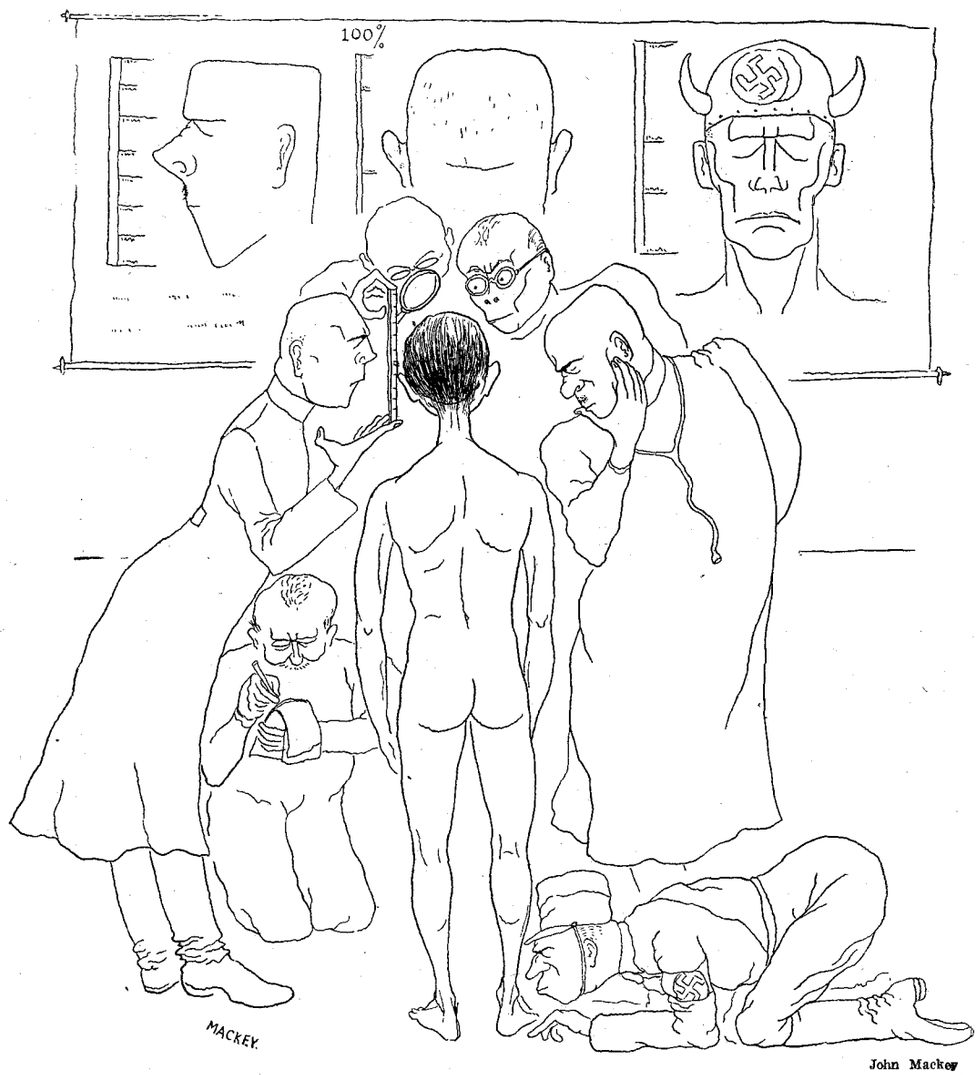
"Isn't he a Communist?" he inquired.

"He's a distinguished Marxian critic," the professor said, smiling.

"But isn't he an active propagandist?" the student persisted.

"He wrote an extremely good book," the professor said, "*The Great Tradition*. We use it in this course. And comes the Revolution he'll be teaching this course instead of me."

It is probably quite true, despite the alarm of the newspapers and the Elks and the seventeen G.A.R. veterans, that it would take at least that to get even one man of Hicks' views the rank at Harvard that he deserves.



Physical Examination of an Accident Insurance Policy Applicant in Vienna.

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But—Catalonia Broke Napoleon

By Joseph North

BARCELONA, April 18 (By Cable).

THE Italians got to the coast some time between Good Friday and Easter Sunday. Undoubtedly Mussolini went to Mass that morning thinking of the Resurrection—not of the Son of Man, but of the Son of Caesar.

Yet Mussolini has read history. He must remember a fact or two from the career of that latter-day Caesar, Napoleon. The Bonaparte machine, which bogged down in Russia, had cracked in Spain. Napoleon wasted so much strength in Tiberian uplands and passes that his grenadiers couldn't cope with the rigors of the Russian steppes. And then came Waterloo.

WHEN WE got to Ulldecona, the gateway to Vinaroz, it was already the front line. Yes, this means they will reach the coast, I thought when I saw that incredibly thin line. Most of the republican army was up north, holding at Lerida, was fighting in the passes of the Pyrenees to save the French frontier, was battling north of Tortosa. Now it was a question of holding till the hundred thousand new recruits came up, till the *fortificadores* built the walls of cement.

The Italians had boasted they would be in Barcelona in two weeks. That was five weeks ago. Catalonia is holding, resisting in that calm offhand way that is so utterly Spanish.

At Ulldecona we saw the men crouched in the ditches. It was so informal we couldn't believe it was the front line until we noticed the shells coming nearer and nearer, and the bullets began whistling. It was clear the government saw the Italians would be at the coast shortly, and this was a rearguard to harass their advance. The men waited, the evacuated town gleaming in the brilliant sunlight behind them. They were waiting for the fascists to come up. Somebody sang a *flamenco* in a high boyish voice.

Yet it was a precarious position for the Italians, their rearguards weak and treacherous—to them; their lines of communications long. Negrin weighed his words carefully when he said, "The Italians have reached the coast, but they won't stay there long." He had certain facts in mind. The situation, he felt, could be righted in some days or weeks, considering the degree of organization and morale reached by the Spanish people.

The war is not ended, not by a long shot. Don't believe the fascist press-agents of the Italians, that the Catalans are a people to whom the corner café means more than the front line. Lerida and Tortosa should have taught them something. All the artillery of Krupp and Milan couldn't blast a hole through the line at Lerida and Tortosa. For ten days now the Italian war machine is locked, trying to smash through, but finding itself powerless. These are Catalans fighting alongside their Castilian and Valencia brothers. It is the People's Front in Spain today.

Furthermore, let Mussolini remember Catalonia has traditions. The incredible defense put up by the Catalans in the Peninsular War of 1808 is a rich and historical parallel. Of course you cannot compare modern warfare with previous wars too closely, yet certain factors can be considered—those of morale particularly. Charles Oman, English historian who had no brief for Spain, wrote, "The survival of Catalan resistance after the French had drawn a complete cordon around the hill country holding the whole coast-plain on the one hand and Lerida and the Segre Valley on the other, is one of the incidents of the war most creditable to Spanish constancy." Oman described how the Spaniards held out in the small upland plains and the minor passes that lead from one to the other. "Hunted out of one, the Spanish army took refuge in the other. It was never caught en masse and exterminated," he said. It's a fascinating passage, particularly when one considers that eventually Napoleon had to withdraw. Bigger business called him elsewhere, and this affair proved too expensive. Of course today is 1938. Airplanes level mountains, and tricky upland passes straighten out from three miles up.

THERE STILL remains the question of more planes and materials for republican Spain, more armaments, if the democratic world wishes to see fascism wrecked in Spain. Consider what is happening to the Japanese war machine in China today. Of course, there again other elements must be considered. The great distances and great populations render Asiatic warfare more difficult than Iberian, but nevertheless many elements are similar. It is a people's war, against invaders' morale. The courageous hearts are with the defender, and that remains the prime war essential.

The next thing Negrin mentioned in his radio speech was that the government had foreseen the possibility of the enemy's cutting Spain in two and had "already taken necessary steps to supply republican Spain with all the necessities, both from the military and civil points of view." Miaja, hero of Madrid, is in charge of all armies outside of Catalonia. The materials in central Spain are sufficient to hold out indefinitely, Negrin said. The situation today is better than fifteen days ago; material is more plentiful, and more is coming in. The Spanish people will resist. It is genius of this folk to fight all the harder when the enemy thinks it's all over but the shouting. The People's Front has been strengthened, not weakened, by the Aragon offensive.

Negrin's declaration to all Spain proved this. The headlines daily prove it. The sights on the streets prove it. Men and boys marching to war prove it. Women taking men's places at loom and forge prove it.

Spain will fight on. As *Frente Rojo* declared: "If the vicissitudes of war oblige us to continue with communications cut between our two zones, we shall continue to fight. Only cowards can vacillate."

For the Spaniards are a people with a long view, sometimes "too long," if one dare criticize this heroic people. It is only that sometimes they remain too calm and philosophical. Negrin berated "slowness" as the main enemy of the Spaniards. He did declare, however, that matters had improved immeasurably in the rearguard and that he could tell this to Spaniards, but one must beware of blaming "psychological" factors. Spain was "slow" because the *grandees* had long kept it in semi-feudalism, as any roadway tells—a thorny burro plodding along, with a peasant tucked up on his back, on one side, and a five-ton Mack truck roaring along on the other. The Mack truck will win. But put republican Spain on enough wheels, and it will win. It has, to a great degree, overcome its slowness.

Military events have political reverberations. Negrin outlined the politics in question. The government of the People's Front remains firm, continues to govern all loyalist Spain. It is the fountainhead of strategy. All resistance must be organized through the political front. Otherwise chaos could result. Though Spain is cut in two segments, the central government is still Barcelona. Deputies will go to the central areas to carry through the government strategy. The faithful, heroic Miaja will be the government's chief on all fronts the other side of the Ebro.

Difficult? Of course. But what war for independence wasn't difficult? The snows at Valley Forge were reddened by barefoot patriots, but Washington finally won.

The Spanish people harassed Napoleon out of Spain. He broke his neck in the Pyrenees. The Sawdust Caesar of 1938 can meet a similar fate—but that depends upon all the democrats of all the world letting no moment go by without organizing aid to Spain. The incredible havoc of world war lies in the balance. Decades of slaughter and misery are being settled here today. No man who doesn't want his home to be another Guernica, another Tortosa, can afford to rest. The people of Spain resist. The democrats of all the world must go on the offensive.

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Editors

THEODORE DRAPER, GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON, JOSHUA KUNITZ, A. B. MAGIL, HERMAN MICHELSON, BRUCE MINTON, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Contributing Editors

ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, ALFRED O'MALLEY, LOREN MILLER, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, MARGUERITE YOUNG.

Business and Circulation Manager

GEORGE WILLNER

Advertising Manager

ERIC BERNAY

★

The New Holy Alliance

THE great yawp of joy with which the London-Rome deal has been hailed by the fascists and reactionaries throughout the world, including the capitalist press in this country, is quite understandable. This deal is a part of the long-range maneuver of the tories and the fascists to bring together the Italo-German and Anglo-French partnerships into some sort of a four-power relationship which would be a modern replica of the Holy Alliance of the last century. Fear of the democratic masses and their rising clamor for freedom, security, and peace, fear of the lesson taught by the growing strength of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, mortal fear of the growing strength of the popular-front movements, is what is driving the Mussolinis and Chamberlains and Hitlers and the French fascists into one another's arms. Behind the deal and all the secret machinations surrounding it, there is the determination to undermine the Franco-Soviet pact, which is anathema to the Nazis, fascists, and English and French conservatives alike.

At last the mask has been removed. The masses of the world see the ugly face of world imperialism. Even the heretofore quiescent British Labor Party is beginning to show fight. The election at West-Fulham was an indication of what Chamberlain is to expect from the English people. The Laborite *Daily Herald* has spoken up with unusual vigor. "Mr. Chamberlain," it accuses editorially, "has sealed the betrayal of Ethiopia, has arranged the betrayal of Spain, and has struck —as the Italian papers gleefully underline— yet another blow at the League. . . . What does he gain in return? In the agreement and all it annexes there is nothing that is worth the paper on which it is written. All he obtains is the friendship of Mussolini—a man who has betrayed friends and causes unhesitatingly whenever it served his purposes or his ambitions."

But international fascism and its allies have not triumphed yet. They can be stopped. It is not true that democratic Spain is done for. "The republic has only begun to fight," declared Premier Negrin on the day after the signing of the Chamberlain-Mussolini agreement. Monday's *Wall Street Journal* pointed out that military experts are not at all certain of an ultimate fascist victory in Spain. The financial section of the New York *Times* suggests that German military experts do not expect Franco, despite intensified fascist aid, to bring the present drive to complete victory.

Nor will the four-power anti-Soviet pact necessarily materialize. The obstacles put up by the French Popular Front are sure to prove difficult to surmount, especially since such a pact would be based on the crushing of the democratic government in Spain. And the recognition of Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia is likely to hit a snag in the League of Nations, where the U.S.S.R. and France are sure to have something to say on the matter.

Furthermore, the terrific blows which Japanese imperialism is receiving in China scarcely add solidarity to the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis—the base on which the four-power anti-Soviet pact in Europe is being built.

A Program of Action

STILL, there is grave danger. The fascist-imperialist plotters against the peace of the world and the progress of the democratic peoples may triumph after all. This would be a direct threat to the peace and security of this country. It is absolutely untrue, as the tory press in this country asserts, that the Chamberlain-Mussolini pact is calculated to weaken Japan. Neither Chamberlain nor Mussolini have any such intentions. The British Tories are at this very moment assisting Japan with loans, and the British ambassador in China is at this very moment doing everything in his power to persuade China to accept the terms laid down by Japan which would amount to complete enslavement.

The fact that the reactionary press in this country has waxed so enthusiastic over the "realism" of the Chamberlain-Mussolini deal is ominous. And the fact that many honest liberals, blinded by isolationist day-dreaming, are being duped into echoing such enthusiasm is distressing. International policy cannot be separated from domestic policy. Those who are the worst reactionaries in the latter are also the worst reactionaries in the former, regardless of the phrases they employ.

The menace of international fascism is real in this country, too. But we in America have the great opportunity to help make the ultimate victory of the aggressive, treaty-breaking, war-making fascist powers impossible. Our program is clear:

1. Increased aid to Spain to assist the Spanish people to thwart the tory-fascist plans of conquest;

2. An intensified campaign to demand the lifting of the embargo on arms to the lawful, democratic government of Spain;

3. Expose and defeat the isolationist allies of the British tories, uncover and drive out the fascist agents in the United States State Department;

4. Arouse the American people to compel a revision in the so-called Neutrality Act so that it becomes a real instrument of peace to block the path of the fascist aggressors;

5. Rally the forces of peace in the United States for collective action of the democratic nations including the Soviet Union.

Voices Raised for Spain

"WE calmly say to the people, no success of the enemy, no matter how extensive it may be, creates an irremedial situation. What is important is the final victory and that shall be ours completely."

So wrote *Frente Rojo* as the Italian columns pushed to the Spanish seacoast. And in similar vein, all Spaniards pledged that their war against fascist intervention will continue. Premier Negrin told the Spanish nation that the situation "can be righted in some days or weeks." The government, he declared, "has already taken measures to supply republican Spain with all the necessities both from the military and civil point of view."

There can be no doubt that the Spanish war will continue. The people of Catalonia and the rest of loyalist Spain have pledged themselves to turn back the fascists. They will resist the encouragement given to Mussolini by the Anglo-Italian pact. They will resist the Nazi war-machine anxious for plunder. They will resist the weak-hearted and the reactionaries and the cowards throughout the world.

And they will also fight on despite the criminal desertion by the United States which, through its Neutrality Act, has deprived a sister republic of the right to protect itself. Non-intervention sold Spain to the fascists—without reckoning on the Spanish people's unquenchable will for freedom. The American Neutrality Act cut off a beleaguered country from aid it is entitled to, and reinforced its enemies.

The President can, with a stroke of the pen, cancel the application of the Neutrality Act to Spain. The overwhelming majority of Americans want the Spanish government to turn back the invaders. Since March 29, 45,000 letters and telegrams urging repeal or modification of the act have been received by Representative Sam McReynolds, chair-

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man of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Four hundred unions have supported the O'Connell bill which would distinguish aggressor nations from the victims of aggression, and bring American foreign policy in line with the President's Chicago speech. The latest of a long line of resolutions is the unanimous request by the Western Division of the American Philosophical Association that Roosevelt lift the embargo.

But even these expressions of the people's desires have not been sufficient. Our task is to continue protests until the shameful desertion of Spain has ended. Congressman Byron Scott has begun a new drive to amend the Neutrality Act by introducing a resolution requesting President Roosevelt to inform Congress what nations have violated treaties to which the United States is a signatory. This resolution and the effort to have the President immediately lift the Spanish embargo, as he is empowered to do under the Neutrality Act, need the support of every individual and organization that cherish democracy and peace. Let your voice be heard *now*.

The La Follette Report

LAST week Senator Robert M. LaFollette submitted to the Senate a report on the recent findings of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee along with a request for additional funds to continue the committee's work.

The report directed the Senate's attention to:

> . . . a concerted obstruction encountered in its work, necessitating an adequate additional appropriation for the completion of its investigation. . . . Emphasis is laid on a state of affairs slowly becoming better known, which the committee regards as a serious threat to the practices and forms of democracy itself.

The "state of affairs" is the discovery that employers' associations, detective agencies, "citizens' committees," and others under investigation have willfully destroyed books and records in their efforts to thwart the committee's probe.

The report adds that in industrial disputes, following recent revelations by the committee, employers have turned to a new "third party"—the employers' associations and the "citizens' committees."

> A substitute third party has appeared in the shape of certain employers' associations. The extent to which industrial associations have become active to accomplish collectively what the employer-member is forbidden to do to labor individually is under current examination by the committee.
>
> Still further removed, in appearance, is another third party which discloses itself in movements to have the community, or "the public," do the same job in behalf of the employer. . . . Instances have been noted of "citizens' committees" sponsoring "back to work" movements which are, to use the words of an employer-association witness, "the new technique in strikebreaking, almost the exclusive method."

As soon as the LaFollette Committee's request for $60,000 additional funds was known, lobbyists for the employers directed their energies to blocking the appropriation. Friends of labor and civil liberties, on the other hand, have already begun to urge the Senate Audit and Control Committee, headed by Senator James F. Byrnes, to sanction the full amount. Curtailment of the appropriation would obviously be a serious blow to civil liberties throughout the nation.

The C.I.O. Plans

THE recent C.I.O. conference in Washington recorded significant gains both in the spread of organization and in the internal consolidation of new unions. Of even greater importance was the fact that these advances were made at a time of economic crisis and in the face of ruthless opposition. Never before in American trade-union history have unions been able to maintain previous gains during a period of severe unemployment. The C.I.O.'s accomplishment proves that industrial unionism can resist attacks which the A. F. of L., throughout its long history, was never able to overcome. Hitherto, disintegration of the trade-union movement during hard times was the rule; only now has this rule been superseded. And this success was won despite mass dismissals and the employers' use of espionage, "citizens' committees," violence, and provocation. In addition, the C.I.O. had to resist the sabotage of the A. F. of L. executive council.

The conference laid plans to strengthen internal organization, and in addition forcefully renewed demands for the passage of the Wages and Hours Bill, for the strengthening of the Wagner Act, for relief and greater protection of the unemployed, and for a halt in attacks by the United States Maritime Commission against the sea unions. After appointing Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray as vice-chairmen of the C.I.O., the conference resolved to call a convention this fall for the purpose of setting up a permanent organization. The C.I.O. plans to consolidate and strengthen itself and, by so doing, hopes to attain formal unity with the A. F. of L. and the Railway Brotherhoods. That the rank and file of organized labor is anxious to achieve this end is illustrated by the recent action of the A. F. of L. International Typographical Union which refused, by a three-to-one vote, to countenance the use of dues by William Green and other executive-council members for purposes of fighting the C.I.O. Permanent organization by the C.I.O. will serve to impress the rank and file of all unions with the power and benefit of industrial unionism. And any step designed to strengthen the C.I.O. will strengthen the desire in the A. F. of L. for formal unity of all organized labor.

A Moral and a Lesson

THE voluptuous abandon with which the editorial scribes in the capitalist press plunge into fits of gloomy moralizing over every bit of Soviet news even remotely suggestive of imperfection is notorious. "Collapse!" "Deterioration!" "Degeneration!" "Fatal Weakness!" Characteristically enough, the same gentlemen, usually so unrestrained and expansive, turn into models of reticence and discretion when the Soviet news points in a different direction. Not a comment. Not a word. Not a sound. . . .

Take some of the most recent news items:

> Wages in the Soviet Union have steadily increased.
>
> The consumption of many articles, including textiles, clothing, and various categories of food, has increased from double to ninefold in the past five years.
>
> As reported by the Council of Commissars, production during the first three months of this year has shown a considerable increase as compared with production during the corresponding period last year. The percentage of increase over last year's production has grown month by month, from 5.6 percent in January to 12 percent in March.

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Considering that dispatches from other countries, including our own, tell of increased unemployment, of falling production (except in the war industries) and lowered consumption, the news from the Soviet Union, the only Socialist country in the world, merits, it would seem, some editorial moralizing in the capitalist press. Yes, there is a moral here, and a lesson, and to millions, a great hope. But it is the kind of moral and lesson and hope that would make for very genuine gloom in the capitalist editorial columns. Therefore, hush-hush!

Japanese Morale in a Crisis

CRISIS at the front, crisis at home—this is the situation facing the Japanese militarist-fascist clique. In southern Shantung the Chinese army that routed the Mikado's best troops at Taierhchwang continues to pound away at the strongly fortified city of Yihsien.

To the west the Chinese armies have retaken Hanchwang and a twenty-mile stretch of the Grand Canal, while farther north, Chinese forces have crossed the Yellow River into Shansi province and recaptured many cities that the Japanese had held for weeks. This terrific hammering of a supposedly invincible army and the spectacle of the growing resistance of a united people are beginning to have their effect on the morale of the Japanese troops which in many places is reported to be buckling.

Under the circumstances one can well understand the illness that seized Prince Fuminaro Konoye, the Japanese Premier, on April 2 and kept him at home for more than two weeks.

Current reports from the front are not the best thing for the health of either Konoye or the tenuous structure of Japanese economy. A serious cabinet crisis, with the probability of growing disaffection both among the soldiers at the front and the masses at home is the outlook for the immediate future. It would be a grave mistake, however, to conclude that Japan's collapse is imminent. Undoubtedly, the Japanese samurais and war lords will press for intensified military action against China and new repressive measures within Japan in an effort to bring the conflict to a quick conclusion so that Japan may be able to turn its drive for Far Eastern domination against the United States or the Soviet Union.

Roosevelt Resumes Leadership

The people of America are in agreement in defending their liberties at any cost, and the first line of that defense lies in the protection of economic security.

IN these words of his "fireside chat" President Roosevelt sounded the keynote of his new recovery program. To save millions from economic catastrophe is to save democracy. And after months of drifting, the President has taken firm hold of the rudder and declared his determination to sail ahead. The recovery program is thus not only an answer to the millions of the poor who look to Washington for aid, but a challenge to the bi-partisan forces of reaction that led the scurrilous campaign against the Reorganization Bill and are seeking to undermine the foundations of American democracy.

The new recovery program marks a reversal of the trend that dominated the President's budget message in January. In that message he attempted to meet the demands of big business that social expenditures be reduced. That policy, so dear to the heart of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, has failed. Its failure was, in fact, demonstrated months ago when it became evident that the sharp curtailment of government spending in 1937 had been a factor in precipitating the new economic slump.

The President has now presented a many-sided spending and lending program designed to increase purchasing power and thaw the frozen wheels of private enterprise. Its most important provision is an appropriation of $1,250,000,000 for W.P.A. for the first seven months of the fiscal year beginning July 1. On an annual basis this would amount to more than $2,000,000,000—a sharp rise over the $1,000,000,000 Roosevelt had tentatively recommended in his January budget message. Even this increased appropriation cannot be regarded as entirely adequate. The Workers' Alliance, the C.I.O., and other progressive organizations have urged a $3,000,000,000 W.P.A. fund for the next year to provide jobs for 3,500,000 unemployed. For the youth the President recommends a $75,000,000 appropriation for the National Youth Administration—a 50 percent increase over this year's sum—and an additional $50,000,000 to maintain the C.C.C. at its present strength.

Supplementing these relief measures are $300,000,000 to expand the federal housing program and $1,000,000,000 for public works. Though the housing program, even with this additional sum, will still fall far short of needs, it is a step in the right direction, and, together with the public-works program, should provide jobs for a considerable number of building-trades workers now totally or partly unemployed. And all of the President's proposals should be welcome to small business and professional people, since more purchasing power means more and better customers.

It is significant, too, that President Roosevelt sees this spending and lending program as part of a larger program of social and national advance. In his "fireside chat" he again urged the passage at this session of Congress of wages-and-hours legislation. And in his message he suggested the elimination of future tax-exempt bonds and the taxation of the salaries of all government employees, and pointed to the need for tackling the railroad problem and the problems of monopolistic abuses and price-fixing.

There is nothing radical or extravagant in the new recovery program; on the contrary, it is only a minimum expression of what is needed in the present emergency. Yet it has been met by the Vandenbergs and Byrds and the reactionary press with new outbursts of vituperation that emphasize the sharpness of the political alignments in the country today. The tories of both parties and their journalistic mouthpieces offer an alternative "recovery" program, a program of scuttling the undistributed-profits and capital-gains taxes, castrating the Wagner Labor Relations Act, and surrendering to the utilities. This is a program of recovering more loot and power for the Wall Street plunderbund, but it means enslavement and ruin for the majority of the American people.

The public response to Roosevelt's message and "fireside chat"—telegrams and letters the next day were ten-to-one favorable—shows that, despite the campaign of hate and misrepresentation, the American people are behind the new recovery program. And already Labor's Non-Partisan League and many unions, both A. F. of L. and C.I.O., have pledged their support. The job is to give the people of America effective striking power in this fight for security. The President has fired the opening gun. On the labor and progressive organizations of the country and on the progressives in Congress falls the task of mobolizing the legions of the people in a democratic front that will sweep to victory.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

How to Greet the Great

FROM my small knowledge of newspaper work I have always imagined that there was something glamorous about ship-news reporting. The men and women who go down the bay in the cutter and clamber up the ship's ladder are not as well known as columnists or sports writers, but they certainly are in the front line of history. And yet I feel that, recently, they have not been doing their job completely. It is all very well to chase a victim down companionways all over the boat (finally cornering him in the exact spot where he had wanted to be cornered), but they are missing a great opportunity when they allow the visiting fool to be accepted at his own valuation.

Not that they can't be subtly caustic when they desire; the Zog girls took a beating; and the ship-news folk are no longer impressed by Hollywood; but the international celebrities are likely to be treated with respect. For that reason I think it imperative that the ship-news association appoint one member from the group, whose duty it will be to act as a boor. No matter how this representative may feel at the thought that the visitor will perhaps regard him as typical of our great country, he must persist. It will not be necessary for him to be insulting; all he will need do is ask a few pointed questions and make a few observations, based strictly on the truth.

For instance when Lord Rothermere, the British newspaper tycoon, arrived recently speaking in praise of Hitler, I yearned for my boorish friend to be at his side. He would ask Lord Rothermere why he stopped backing Sir Oswald Mosley, the English fascist leader, and why he loved Hitler so greatly. Lord Rothermere would answer these questions very astutely, getting around what he could and acting haughtily about the rest. My boorish representative would be not only haughty but extremely unbelieving, much like a district attorney listening to the alibis of a pickpocket. At Rothermere's cry that war was all America thought about, that America had a phobia about it, in fact (this was well reported by Dixie Tighe of the New York *Post*), there would be words about war. And when Rothermere, still further agitated, shouted that the Austrians evidently wanted *Anschluss* with Germany, as witness the Hitler election, there would have been a concerted action on the part of the reporters, each holding the other firmly to keep from shoving Rothermere overboard, and then our boorish representative would have spoken to the gentleman. "Oh," he would have said, in an off-hand way, as if the thought had just occurred to him, "you're the brother of Lord Northcliffe, aren't you?" Rothermere would have looked at his interrogator insultingly and a bit suspiciously. "We reporters remember Lord Northcliffe very well," our great boor would have continued. "We interviewed him often. The last time he came he acted a little queerly. It grieved us all greatly to find later that your brother had died insane. We always figured it out that power had gone to his head. . . . Too much power. Do you agree with that, Lord Rothermere . . . too much power, hallucinations? How do you feel, Lord Rothermere?"

It would be well to end the discussion at this point, it having gone long enough and there being other people on the boat to interview.

In the case of Lady Astor it would have been even simpler. When Lady Astor denied that she had spoken to important persons in Washington in behalf of Franco and when she indignantly denied that she favored the cause of Franco in Spain, our representative would need do nothing but say politely: "I know you will pardon me, Lady Astor, when I say that I think you're a liar."

There is even the possibility that Lady Astor, were the matter to be discussed on a plane of high philosophy, would agree that much could be accomplished in this world if it were possible to speak frankly. It is a distinct loss to life and literature when values are distorted. The present practice of international prevarication has reached a point where nothing seems to be what it really is. There is no war in China, the Japanese insist. Germany and Italy are in Spain under a policy of non-intervention. In Parliament the conservative government speaks of the Duke of Alba, nationalist representative of Franco in England, but hasten to add that by nationalist they don't mean that England considers him the true representative of Spain. Just sorta nationalist . . . you know. Well, it is decent and splendid to welcome Astors who come bearing gifts of this sort. Lady Astor will not appreciate being called a liar, but with her ability to see the justice of things, she will have to admit that liar she is. Our boorish friend who makes the point will win her admiration.

Upon the coming of subsequent Astors—the overshadowed husband of Lady Astor and the other Astor fellow who owns the London *Times* and thinks Hitler is a jolly one, the method can be followed in the same way.

When the overshadowed Astor husband begins to speak to the ship-news reporters, the proper response will be a yawn.

When the strange Astor who owns the Old Thunderer, which has also gone in for lying on a scale commensurate with its importance—when he arrives in New York harbor, our boorish companion will utter a belch. Not a large and raucous belch, but unmistakably a belch—a belch meaning that we are no more taken in by the protestations of impartiality of the London *Times* than we are by those of the New York *Journal-American*. Perhaps I am being too easy with Major Astor. The *Times* is supposed to be a great newspaper; it has fooled many observers. But as I happen to know from men who are still working for the *Times*, it is far from impartial. In the case of Spain, its news stories have often been as fragrantly dishonest as anything printed in the *Volkische Beobachter*.

The Astors are coming in droves, Lord Beaverbrook (the other great newspaper peer) is here practically every other week-end—in truth the British have never been so friendly since the years between 1914 and 1918. It will keep my representative busy meeting all the boats and balancing his time between the large and small phonies. There is also a growing number of returning Americans who feel that this great land would be fine if only we had a Hitler or Mussolini to run it. Such men as former Ambassador Gerard might well be met with a tut-tut and perhaps an accidental kick in the shins.

But the best treatment could be reserved for Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. The minute he began to talk to the reporters, the leader of the delegation could hold up his hand and ask for silence. While the cardinal waited, entranced, our boorish pal would take a phonograph record from his briefcase and place it on a small whirling disk. From it would come in the cardinal's own voice:

"The Reds . . . blah . . . blah . . ."

"And are those still your sentiments, Your Highness?" our friend would ask.

"Yes," mutters the cardinal, bewildered.

"The Reds . . . blah . . . blah . . . blah . . .," continues the record.

"Still your views, Your Highness?" asks our friend. The cardinal is now a bit huffy, but he can't deny the obvious.

"Blah . . . Blah . . . the Reds . . . Blah . . ."

"Where did you get that!" cries the cardinal angrily.

"Just a little recording we did when you arrived back five years ago," explained our friend. "It never changes. Every year the same. It's accurate, isn't it? Yes, I thought so. Well, it saves your time. . . . It saves our time. And in fact, it's old stuff. You won't mind, will you?"

Our friend removes the record from the whirling plate and breaks it over the cardinal's head. The pieces fall in all directions, giving off a sweet tinkling sound.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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AFTER ME THE DELUGE FOR U.S. ALL SAYS
BAD TIMES COMING SAYS
EXTRA F.D.R. WANTS FLOOD
ROOSEVELT TO DROWN AMERICA IN RED INK
EXTRA ROOSEVELT TO REIGN AS DICTATOR
F.D.R. WANTS BLOOD
EXTRA TO FLOOD COUNTRY WITH FIAT CURRENCY
EXTRA RED INK MENACE
EXTRA F.D.R. RED MENACE
EXTRA DEMOCRACY WASHED UP SAYS F.D.R.
EXTRA SENATE REVOLT SEEN AS F.D.R. THREATENS FLOOD
EXTRA F.D.R. TO GIVE COUNTRY BACK TO REDMEN!
REINHARDT

Ad Reinhardt

The President Casually Remarks That It Looks Like Rain

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Roosevelt and the South

By Lee Coller

WHEN President Roosevelt castigated the repressive political and economic setup of the South in his speech at Gainesville, Ga., March 23, he opened a political campaign throughout the South which may do much to break the stranglehold of Southern bourbons and Republicans on Congress.

"When you come right down to it, there is little difference between the feudal system and the fascist system," said the President. "If you believe in one, you lean to the other. . . . With the overwhelming majority of the people of this state, I oppose feudalism."

In emphasizing the basic issues facing the Southern people today—increased purchasing power and greater democracy—the President knew to whom he was speaking. It was not the South of 1933 whose businessmen, guided by Wall Street, forced him to give federal recognition to the wage differential, whose latent progressivism had not yet been developed by the C.I.O., New Deal legislation, and the consistent educational work of the Communist Party.

The President was speaking to the South whose workers are organizing, whose farmers are coöperating with labor and the middle classes for mutually helpful laws, whose Negro people are demanding their rights more emphatically because of the coöperation they are receiving from whites in the labor movement, among the middle classes, and in religious organizations. It is the South which produced Maury Maverick, which sent Lester Hill instead of K.K.K. Tom Heflin to the Senate.

Balked time after time in his efforts to secure progressive legislation by a coalition of Southern bourbons and Republicans, the President realizes that these reactionaries must be ousted from office. He has put the issue squarely before the Southern people.

THE VAST FERMENT of progressivism in the South needs not only to be organized, it must be given the ability to express itself at the polls. In November 1936, only about 33 percent of the eligible population of eleven Southern states were able to vote. Poll taxes kept both Negroes and whites from voting. Special discrimination by registrars prevented most Negroes who could afford to pay poll taxes from registering.

Although small groups of Negroes have been allowed to vote in a number of Southern localities even after disfranchising constitutions were jammed through Southern states about twenty-five years ago, their vote was controlled by politicians in the Democratic Party as a balance of power on purely local issues. In almost all cases where Negroes voted, their allegiance to the Republican Party dominated everything else. They left the Republican Party as soon as it turned against them. When Hoover, in his presidential campaign against Al Smith, placed the National Republican Committee's seal of approval on Republican lily-whiteism in the South, the Negro people began to swing into the Democratic Party wherever they could participate in political campaigns. If, in Roosevelt's administration they did not find public recognition of their special needs until very recently, they did gain a great deal through other progressive measures which were passed. The Negro people of the South showed their support for the New Deal by voting for Lister Hill in spite of his opposition to the Anti-Lynching Bill. Roosevelt's backing of federal measures to prevent lynching, made public just before his Gainesville speech, should do much to further solidify support of the Southern Negro people.

White Southerners—tenant farmers, the working class, and the lower middle class—at the turn of the century feared they, too, would be deprived of the right to vote by the "restoration constitutions." But their fear of losing "white supremacy" at that time was greater. By 1937 they were learning what "white supremacy" cost them. Today they are beginning to make common cause with the Negro people for the right to vote, for the abolition of the poll tax—to gain a higher standard of living.

Out of this joint fight for political rights has come a feeling of greater solidarity between the Negro people and Southern whites of almost all classes. There was no better expression of this than the Gallup Poll of Public Opinion, which showed that 57 percent of the Southern people, Negro and white, favored federal anti-lynching legislation. To the Communist Party and the C.I.O. must go the major credit for the impetus given this historic movement in the South.

The Communist Party, since its inception in the South, has been closely associated in the minds of all Southerners with the championing of equal rights for the Negro people. For a long time it was the only boldly militant voice below the Mason-Dixon line which pointed out that the Southern wage differential was maintained because Negro and white workers were divided, that white progressives, by denying the Negro people the right to vote, cut down the possibility of any progressive vote and thereby assured victory for reaction.

Southern Communists who trod upon the toes of entrenched prejudice are being vindicated by the thousands of white workers who sit in the same C.I.O. halls with Negro workers. Alabama coal miners, organized nearly 100 percent for the first time in the history of the Southern coal fields, who successfully beat back an attempt to widen the wage differential in 1937 and gained the wage increases they had demanded, cannot forget that it was the Communists who first put forward the necessity of a solid front of Negro and white workers to gain mutual demands. The once lone voice of Communists demanding abolition of the poll tax has become part of a chorus of a hundred thousand organized Negro and white workers in Alabama whose representatives voted at Alabama's first C.I.O. convention in December to include this demand in their state legislative program. The fight against the wage differential has been taken up by the aluminum workers of Tennessee, who last summer struck for the same wages as their fellow-workers in the North were receiving, and by the Atlanta District Council of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union which passed a resolution in January that was in effect a bitter indictment of the wage differential.

Southern New Dealers, pressed by the labor movement, the organized farmers, and sections of the middle classes, began realizing in 1936 that if they were to defeat the landlord-mill-owner stooges of Wall Street in the South, they must let the overwhelming majority of the people who are opposed to the reactionaries say so at the polls.

Florida, in May 1937, was the first to strike the poll tax from her statute books. In December, citizens of Georgia called upon the United States Supreme Court to declare that state's poll tax unconstitutional. The court, dominated by reactionaries at that time, ruled against them. But the action was, nonetheless, a sign of the times. No less than four resolutions to abolish or curtail the poll tax were introduced at the 1938 session of the Virginia Legislature, though all were killed in committee. Drastic reduction of the poll tax in Virginia, particularly elimination of its cumulative features, has the endorsement of Governor Price, a group of legislators who are, by and large, pro-New Deal, the A. F. of L., farm organizations, and such prominent Virginia New Dealers as Westmoreland Davis, editor of the *Southern Planter*, and Virginius Dabney, editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. North Carolina has not had a poll tax since 1920.

The fight to abolish the poll tax has met with only limited success thus far. This fight, on a Southwide front, has just begun. Main energies for the present must center on electing progressives so that they can abolish voting restrictions. These progressives, in the final analysis, will stand or fall with the Southern people's right to vote.

The success Southerners achieve in electing progressives in the coming primaries will determine in a large measure whether the rest of the United States will be dragged down to

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the level of present conditions in the South. The Roosevelt administration has known the crucial importance of the South, but was powerless to move without the support of the Southern people. When the Roosevelt forces changed the two-thirds rule to one calling for a straight-majority vote, at the 1936 Democratic convention, they intended, among other things, to cut the power of Southern bourbon committeemen. Nor was the appointment of Alabama's progressive, Hugo Black, and the Kentucky liberal, Stanley Reed, as justices of the Supreme Court without its purpose. Two recent decisions are especially noteworthy for the support they give to the cause of Southern progressivism.

Ruling that racial discriminations are as important as general labor discriminations, in a District of Columbia case involving the right of Negroes to picket an establishment which refused to employ members of their race, the Court declared, "The desire for fair and equitable conditions of employment on the part of persons of any race, color, or persuasion and the removal of discriminations against them by reason of their race or religious beliefs, is quite as important for those concerned as fairness and equity in terms and conditions of employment can be to trade or craft unions. . . ." The Griffin Case decision struck a blow at the hundreds of state laws and city ordinances of the South which restrict the distribution of leaflets and periodicals for political or religious reasons. It will also have its effect on the North, in such reaction-ridden places as Jersey City.

Lister Hill could speak with assurance when he declared shortly after his election to the Senate, "I believe I could make the Wages and Hours Bill the winning issue in any section of the South, all the poisonous propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding." After Hill's election, Representative Luther Patrick of Birmingham, Ala., dropped his opposition to the Wages and Hours Bill, was appointed to a steering committee for the bill, and felt that he had enough support from his constituents to join the progressives.

New Deal forces with the help of labor and other progressive groups, have already elected five Southern governors committed in varying degrees to the program of the national administration. These include Price of Virginia, Browning of Tennessee, Rivers of Georgia, Graves of Alabama, and Johnston of South Carolina. The social reforms which they have managed to get passed during their administrations, while limited in comparison with progress made in other sections of the country, have, nevertheless, had their effect throughout the South.

To mention only two Southern states, Virginia's Legislature recently passed an eight-hour work law for women; a maximum nine-hour-a-day, forty-eight-hour work week instead of a maximum ten-hour work day; workmen's-compensation maximum of $16 instead of $14 and total indemnity maximum of $6,000 instead of $5,400; and an amendment to its state anti-lynching law which prevents the law's utilization in cases of assault on the picket line or elsewhere as a felony. South Carolina's present legislature just passed a forty-hour work-week law for its textile industry, the only one in the country.

In practically every Southern state, labor, farmers, and the middle classes are preparing for the Democratic primaries. In some localities progressives are gathering their adherents together in Labor's Non-Partisan League, in others in local reform or good-government groups—in all states, within the structure of the Democratic Party, since the real elections in the South are the Democratic primaries.

Florida, whose primaries will be held May 3, will be a special testing ground because of the elimination of the poll tax. Emphasis is being placed on getting out a large vote. Progressives are expected to obtain a record-making vote for Senator Claude Pepper. Pepper, while he voted against the Anti-Lynching Bill, backed the Wages and Hours Bill and the American Youth Act, and is co-sponsor with Representative John Coffee of the Federal Fine-Arts Bill.

Virginia progressives are busily preparing in a number of congressional districts for their primaries in August. In Norfolk an active group formed the Citizens' Democratic League. This split-off from the local machine has already granted concessions to win the Negro people and labor. As a result of the overtures they made to the Negro Non-Partisan Voters' League, it is reported that 2,800 Negro voters have had their poll taxes paid. They are expected to support Congressman Hamilton for reëlection because of his general adherence to the New Deal. In District 9, western part of the state, Young Democrat Clubs, in cooperation with locals of the United Mine Workers, are preparing to assure the reëlection of their New Deal congressman, Flanagan.

Alabama, with the most progressive labor and farm movement in the South—and the largest Communist Party—showed its strength in the Hill election. This movement is in a good position to demand commitments from nearly all candidates.

Tennessee's Senator Berry, president of the pressmen's union, who stands for reëlection against Boss Crump's machine man, Major Phil Whitaker, will command labor and progressive support.

South Carolina presents one of the most promising situations below the Potomac. Following close on the heels of Textile Workers' Organizing Committee victories in National Labor Relations Board elections, Labor's Non-Partisan League called a convention at Columbia, S. C., on February 19. The 350 delegates from both A. F. of L. and C.I.O. unions condemned Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith and other South Carolina congressmen's opposition to the Wages and Hours Bill, and singled out for approval J. P. Richards, only South Carolinan in the House who supported the measure. The convention also elected committees that will investigate the records of the various candidates and make recommendations. It seems fairly certain that they will back Olin Johnston, the New Deal governor who approved the state's forty-hour work law for the textile industry, in his fight for "Cotton Ed" Smith's seat in the United States Senate.

No one expects the new progressive movement in the South to break completely the power of the reactionary Southern Democratic machine in the 1938 elections. But what it can accomplish will certainly go a long way toward undermining the bourbon-Republican coalition in Congress and creating a progressive coalition that will lead the fight for the social measures that the American people of both North and South so urgently need.

John Heliker

Hell's Kitchen

There are those who pass these hovels in a hurry
To get to where they're going
And forget the way they got there.
Others detour around by a wide margin
And thus avoid the sight and smell of slums.
Some come and stare as if seeing an odd painting
Done by a proletarian artist and call it a masterpiece:
Noting the dark and dirty shading of rotting wood;
The tone of oily, greasy windows;
The clever caricature of houses;
The technique of making gaping doors resemble mole-holes;
And the artist's genius in sketching shacks
That look like tired old dogs after a long race
Ready to collapse and call it a day.
Others stumble over the gamins and guttersnipes
Playing, fighting and yelling in the streets
And think it similar to some scene
They saw in the movies . . .
Still, it seems, there are those who live here,
Are born here,
Come here and die here and call it home. . .

Isadore Durham.

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Roofs for 40 Million

The ten canvases reproduced on this and the following page are part of the American Group's successful show of paintings, sculpture, and prints, on a single theme—housing—on view at Rockefeller Center in New York City from April 9 to May 2.

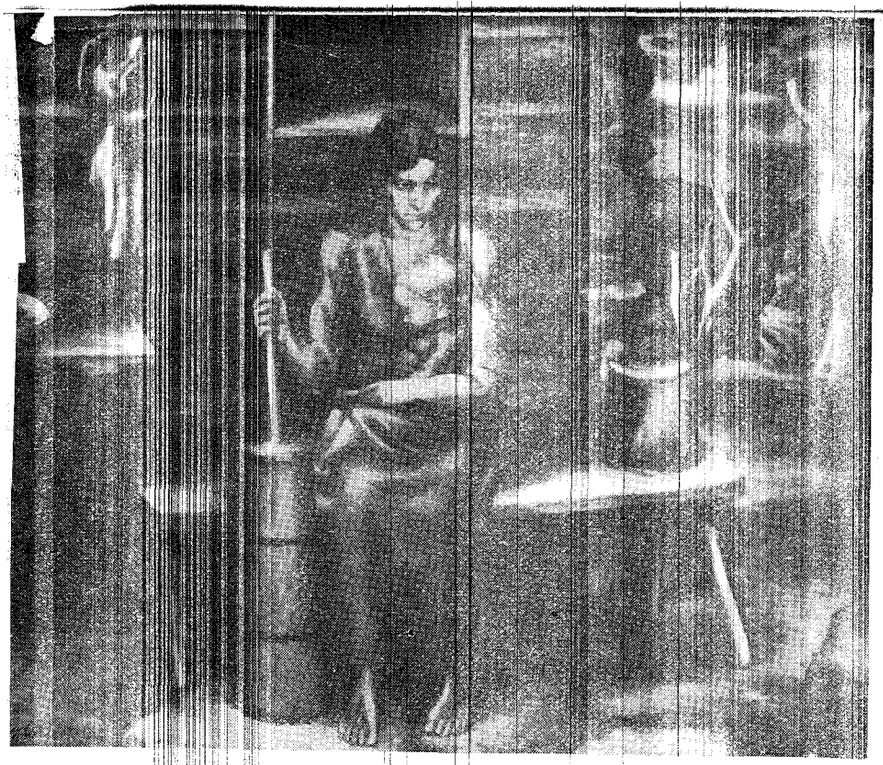
LEFT
"Carolina Cabin," by Warren Wheelock

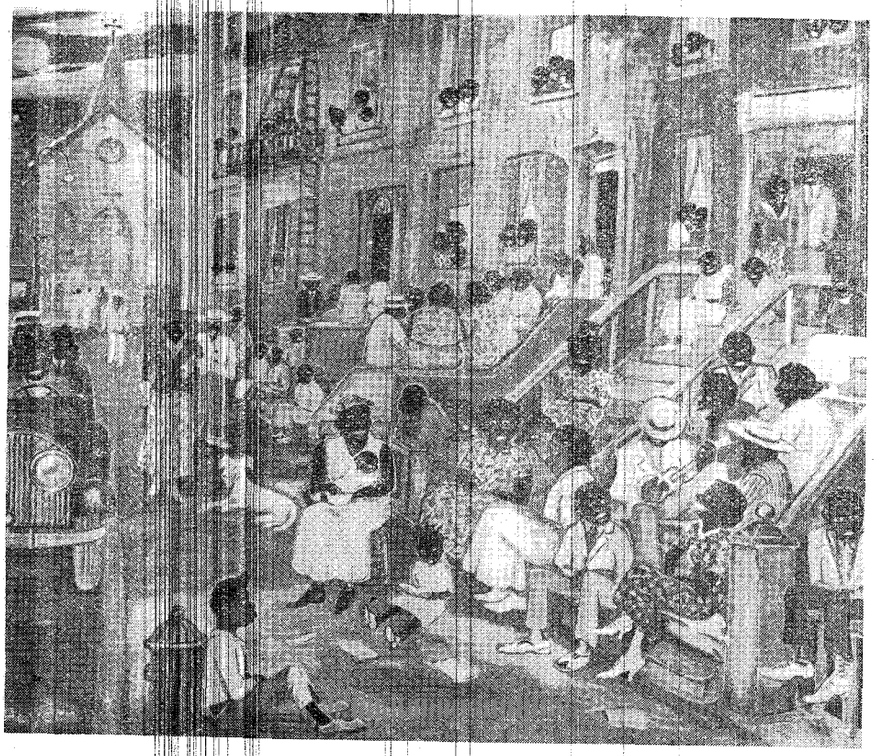
BELOW, LEFT
"Midsummer Night in Harlem," by Palmer Hayden

BOTTOM, LEFT
"Facing Eviction," by Algot Stenbery

BELOW
"Summer," by Paul Burlin

BOTTOM, RIGHT
"Moving," my Mervin Jules





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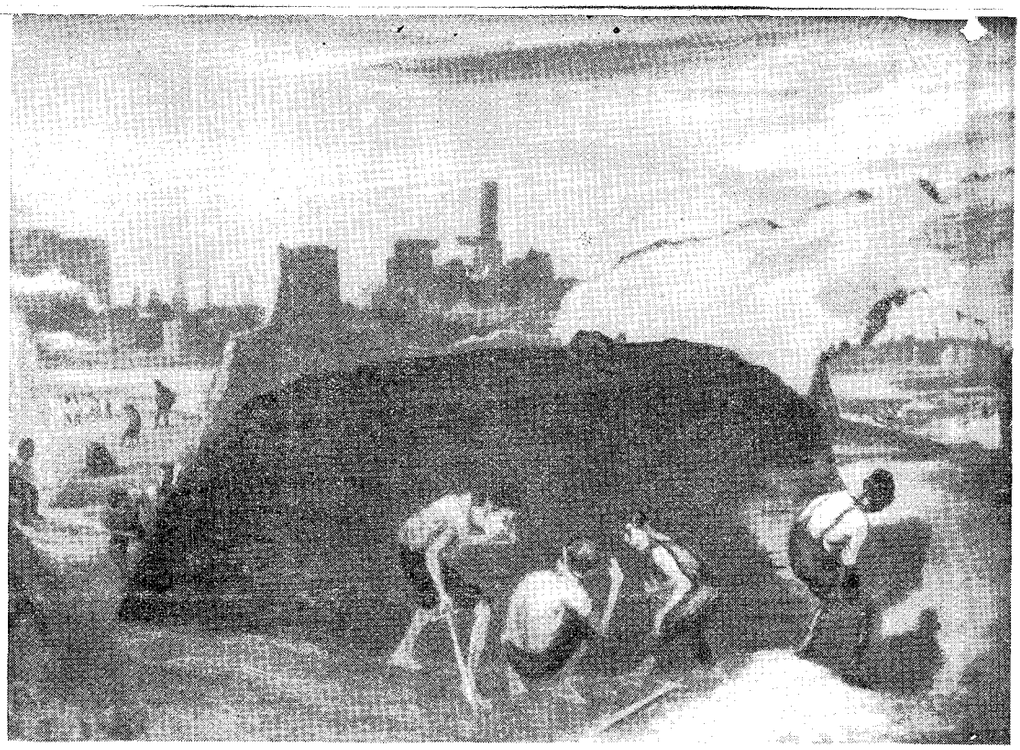

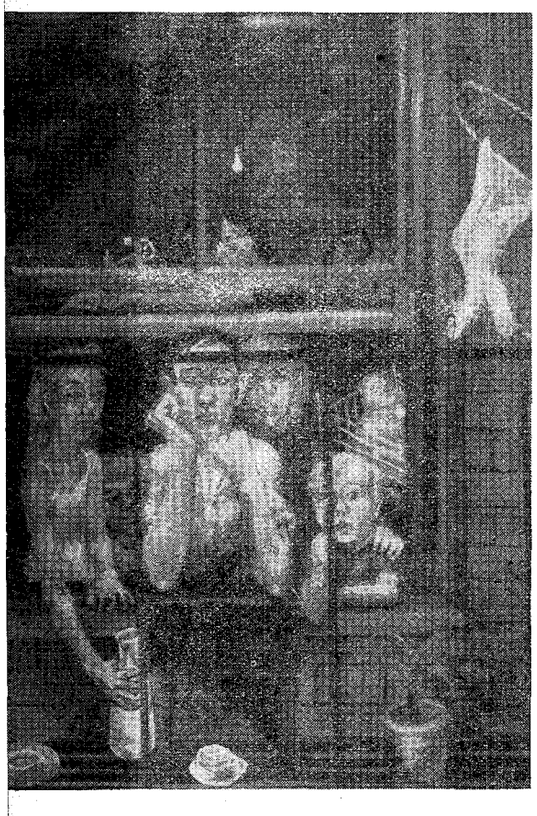

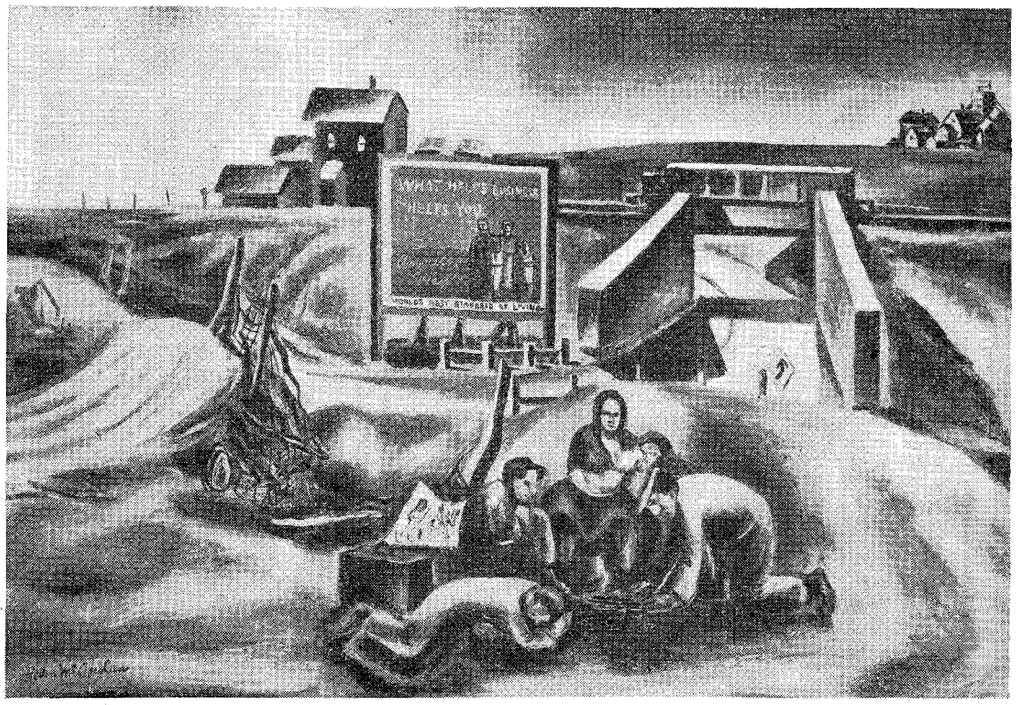

Roofs for 40 Million

(continued)

TOP, LEFT
"Gardening," by Sylvia Wald

ABOVE
"Horizons," by Philip Evergood

TOP, RIGHT
"Playground," by Louis Ribak

ABOVE, RIGHT
"Migrant Family," by Helen McAuslan

RIGHT
"Fifth Floor Back," by Frederick Knight

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Homes for the One-Third

By Sidney Hill

IN HIS recent "fireside chat," the President outlined an emergency program of public works. As part of this program, he called for an appropriation of $300,000,000 to be used for additional slum clearance and new housing. During the past twelve months, the administration has offered the nation two housing schemes. One is the Wagner-Steagall Act creating the United States Housing Authority for the purpose of clearing slums and building new, low-rent dwellings with public funds. The second, sponsored by the same congressmen, is an amendment to the National Housing Act under which the Federal Housing Administration insures loans on private residential construction.

The mechanics of their operation are so complicated and the newspaper ballyhoo so confusing that for most people several important questions remain unanswered. How do these agencies function? Where do they get their funds? Are they likely to clear the slums and re-house the one-third of American families who, President Roosevelt told us, are living in homes unfit for habitation? In this article we shall outline briefly the nature of the housing crisis which faces the nation and attempt to answer the questions raised by it.

All current housing programs are based, at least in part, on the existing shortage of housing accommodations. A few figures on this point will prove illuminating. The Senate Committee Report on the Wagner-Steagall Bill last summer estimated that two million additional dwellings are needed immediately in this country to meet purely quantitative needs, and that six million more will be required between now and 1950, merely to house the increase in population without making any allowance whatsoever for the replacement of homes unfit for habitation. This startling estimate of the extent of the housing shortage was corroborated more recently by the report which was submitted to the President on December 12, 1937, by the National Housing Committee of which Mgr. John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council is chairman. Father Ryan's committee further revealed that this vast shortage of over two million units is entirely in the rental range below $30 per month, and that almost 80 percent of this present housing lack is in the rental range of $20 per month and under. Apparently there is no shortage at all for those families who can afford to pay over $30 a month for their housing accommodations.

The housing emergency which affects the nation is particularly serious in New York City. After the financial crisis of 1929, the construction of new residential units practically ceased. Statistics show that there was less construction in the seven years since the stock market crash than in a single year before that time. In addition to a curtailment of construction, however, we now find that the trend of the past few years has resulted in an actual reduction in the total amount of available housing. In the past four years, for example, there was built in New York City, according to the statistics of the F. W. Dodge Corp., a total of 64,400 new family dwelling units. But during that same period there were some 70,000 family units vacated or demolished by the Tenement House Department and other agencies of the city. In other words, New York City with an increasing population today has about 5,000 less apartments than it had four years ago. But that is not all. With the exception of the 2,318 apartments in the low-rent projects erected by the New York City Housing Authority, all of the new construction was in the middle and upper rental levels; that is, from $12 to $25 per room and higher. On the other hand, almost every one of the units which was demolished or boarded up in those years was in the low rental bracket.

Here we have an explanation of one of the contradictions involved in the housing crisis. The great majority of American families simply cannot afford to pay sufficient rent to induce private builders to provide them with decent housing. Those families, however, who can afford to pay the builder a profitable rent are already oversupplied. The results of this contradiction were inevitable. New housing practically ceased for lack of a market demand. But the millions of families who have a pressing need for decent housing are condemned to live in slums. Slum houses are usually old and dilapidated. During the past few years, tens of thousands of these buildings have been demolished for one reason or another or, as we have read, have simply fallen down on the heads of their unfortunate occupants. While the available quantity of low-rent rookeries in which the poor must live is constantly decreasing, the total number of families is increasing. The law of scarcity has now begun to operate. There are fewer houses and so we have higher rents.

Frank Ornston

Voice of the Tenements

WE HAVE outlined the problem. Where may we look for a solution? Private building agencies must be ruled out immediately; there is no profit to be made in low-rent housing projects. Even chambers of commerce no longer argue this point. Mr. Donald Jones, prominent realtor, speaking before the New York Real Estate Board on February 24, admitted that "it is apparent that economic conditions make it impossible for private industry to provide homes for the people in the lowest income groups."

What about the federal government? The Wagner-Steagall Housing Act which set up the U. S. Housing Authority last year will provide accommodations through local housing authorities for only 100,000 families in three or four years in the entire country. Of this number, New York City can expect a maximum of 5,000 family units or about 1 percent of the need. Even if the additional $300,000,000 which the President has just asked of Congress is forthcoming it will only add another drop to the bucket. The U. S. Housing Authority, of which Nathan Straus is administrator, lends 90 percent of the cost of a project to the local authorities and, in addition, provides an annual subsidy for the purpose of keeping rents low. Undoubtedly the Wagner-Steagall Act, because it gives permanence to the principle of public housing, is a progressive measure. But, as it stands, it can do no more than scratch the surface of the problem.

More recently we have been hearing about the new Federal Housing Administration (F.H.A.) plan which, it is hoped, will result in some $16,000,000,000 of private residential construction. The F.H.A. will not do any building or lend any money; it will simply insure the mortgages of private lending agencies. This scheme may effect some new construction, chiefly individual small homes, but it will most certainly not materialize any such quantities as the headlines claim. In any event, the houses constructed will be far out of the reach of those very families for whom

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the shortage exists. The discouraging feature of this plan, from the social point of view, is that everyone involved in the game is insured except the owner of the house. He still runs the same old risk of losing his home and investment. As a prominent architect aptly remarked, "It is a scheme for buying money to borrow a house."

The F.H.A. will also insure mortgages on large-scale housing developments. The most recent example of this type of project involves 2,500 families in Flushing, New York City. The rents will be $51 a month for three rooms and $75 a month for four and one-half rooms; *i.e.*, approximately $17 per room per month.

Another unfortunate aspect of the F.H.A. program is its policy on wages. The clause providing for the payment of prevailing wages was stricken from the bill by congressmen who are either reactionary or uninformed. The idea is that labor should "coöperate" in cutting building costs by accepting a guaranteed annual wage instead of the present seasonal wage which is based on a high hourly rate. If cost reductions are in order, it is not against labor but against the steel, cement, and wood monopolies that the attack should be made. Moreover, it will be difficult, if not downright impossible, to carry out an annual wage program in a business so seasonal and complex as the private building industry. It should be noted that the authors of this plan are the big manufacturers and contractors who seek to hide an attack on wages behind talk of a "secure" yearly income. Will these manufacturers and contractors sign agreements with the building-trades unions providing for the payment of the "secure" annual wage which they so glibly promise? So far they have shown no desire to do more than talk and promise. An additional point to consider is that lower wages mean decreased purchasing power which will further curtail the shrinking market for the sale of F.H.A. homes.

It is frequently argued that the housing problem can be solved by a rationalization of the building industry. The pet theory is that pre-fabricated or factory-made houses can be distributed so cheaply through mass production that they will become as easily available as a Ford or Chevrolet. Undoubtedly, the methods which prevail in the building industry are antiquated and wasteful by modern technological standards, and they should be changed. Houses are still constructed by a multitude of separate trades and crafts much as they were three hundred years ago. This obsolete construction technique is not only costly in time, money, and materials but it serves to perpetuate the reactionary craft character of building-trades unions of the American Federation of Labor. Unfortunately, however, even sweeping improvements and economies in building technique will not materially affect the housing problem of the great mass of the people. Under present conditions, economies in construction cost are not reflected proportionately in the final cost to the tenant or home-owner. Moreover, such economies would have no effect on other major items like the high cost of land, profit, promotion and selling and finance. The relative insignificance of a reduction in the cost of construction alone can be demonstrated very simply. If we assume that a room costs $1,200 ($1,000 for construction and $200 for land), then a 25 percent reduction in the cost of construction will result in a rental saving of $1 per room per month; but the same saving can be effected by a reduction of only 1 percent in the rate of interest. It becomes obvious that a solution of the housing problem will require more than a bit of technocratic tinkering.

A careful study of the long history of the housing question and of the problems which confront us today leads inevitably to the following conclusion: The present economic system can go a long way toward providing an adequate program of slum clearance and housing for one-third of the nation at rents they can afford to pay, even though it must necessarily fall short of the kind of program that would be possible under Socialism where government responsibility for housing would be on an entirely different basis. But if we cannot immediately attain utopia, we can nevertheless be realistic. Even today, a great deal more can be done toward bettering the housing conditions of the lower income groups than has thus far been tried in this country.

THE FIRST STEP in a realistic program of housing construction is an increase in the funds of the United States Housing Authority. This is the only federal agency which is really geared up to tackle the problem properly. The present $526,000,000 fund of the authority could very well be increased tenfold within the next decade so that it would be possible to re-house a million families instead of only a hundred thousand. It would also be important to amend the Wagner-Steagall Act with respect to rents. Fortunately, it is the present policy of Administrator Straus to set fairly low rents in the new housing projects. It would, however, be more desirable to have a maximum rental rate written into the law.

The original Wagner-Steagall Bill called for an appropriation of a billion dollars, but the real estate representatives cut this in half before it went to the President for signature. In the past, the American Federation of Labor has been singularly apathetic in fighting for an adequate building program and in opposing the sabotaging tactics of the finance and mortgage interests. The A.F. of L. has issued statements and passed resolutions on housing, but it has not yet taken the kind of vigorous, purposeful action which is necessary to put a real program over. At least one-half of the workers in the building trades are idle and will remain so until the construction index rises. It is to be hoped that the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. will undertake a concerted campaign to broaden the scope of the United States Housing Authority. The C.I.O., incidentally, has proposed the use of five billion dollars of social security funds for a large-scale housing program.

The most promising plan for achieving a reasonable measure of low-rent housing in the near future was outlined by Mayor LaGuardia of New York last month. The mayor's plan, which is supplementary to the federal program, was formulated with the help of the American Labor Party which will sponsor it in the City Council. Briefly, the mayor's plan provides that the New York City Housing Authority shall begin to sell its bonds to the public for the purpose of constructing and operating low-rent housing. The interest charges and repayment of these bonds will be met by an annual appropriation in the city budget. According to the sponsors of the plan, a maximum annual appropriation of only 1 percent of the budget, or $6,000,000, will re-house 200,000 families in a period of ten years.

In his proposal, Mayor LaGuardia states, "There are 500,000 families in New York City who cannot afford to pay $30 a month for an apartment. Of this number, a great percentage can afford to pay but $20 a month. The average family of low income has a need for approximately four or more rooms. This means that the 500,000 families can afford to pay a maximum of $5 per room per month in rent. This rent should, of course, include heat and hot water. It so happens, however, that it would ordinarily cost $11 per month to pay the taxes, interest, amortization, and maintenance on one room in a new house. Accordingly, and this is the kernel of the plan, the city would make up the difference between the cost of the room and the rent which the present slum dwellers can afford to pay."

There will be much opposition to this plan by the budget-balancers and by those who claim that housing is not a function of government. There was a time when the public school system was also opposed on such grounds. Of course, publicly subsidized housing will cost money, but can anyone deny that it will be worth what it costs?

New housing is very desirable, but experience both here and abroad shows that it fails of its essential purpose if rents are too high. We must insist on rent levels which the present slum dwellers can afford to pay. The high-rent problem, however, is already facing us today and unquestionably some form of rent-control legislation will be necessary in different localities to prevent a serious crisis. The most logical and effective spearhead in the movement for a broad housing program and low rents is organized labor. It is the worker, after all, who, as both employee and tenant, has most at stake. If a housing plan such as the one sponsored by the American Labor Party in New York gets the combined support of the labor unions, the cure and welfare groups, and the local tenant organizations, we may yet win a measure of decent low-rent housing in this country.

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READERS' FORUM

Not a "Writers' Writer"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

IN the event that the matter is still of interest, I'd like to comment on L. A. Lauer's letter of March 22, in which he suggests that we need "a field of creativity which goes beyond 'a writer writing for writers.'" Mr. Lauer's letter makes a central point, one that Mike Gold has been hammering away at for years, that in the field of pulps more "left" competition is needed—that in this field labor formulas are better than reactionary formulas. Nobody is likely to disagree with Mr. Lauer on that point. But after having made the point, he goes on to make his statement that we need "a field of creativity which goes beyond 'a writer writing for writers'" and singles out *The Outward Room* as a writers' book. Here is the kind of unfair general attack on writing that is made again and again, and always with the same result. Pulp magazines thrive and—as a Soviet critic has recently pointed out—satisfy a legitimate demand for "action"; on the other hand they omit almost everything else, omit craftsmanship, honesty, the burning and unshakable conviction that writing is an art. Marx wrote that a writer must believe so much in his writing that he "sacrifices *his* existence to *its* existence" when necessary. Those writers whom Mr. Lauer attacks are the writers who feel that way, who are willing to sacrifice themselves in the interest of good work. Are they writing just for writers? *The Outward Room,* which he implies no worker reads, is being dramatized for the I.L.G.W.U. Labor Stage. *The Outward Room,* which he considers a writers' book, was published at half-price in order to get a large audience and was read—if he will grant three or four readers a copy—by half a million people. Mr. Lauer denies something that already exists; he denies the "field of creativity" which honest writers are working hard to extend. To attack us is objectively to attack the human beings who turn to us to express their lives, their dignity, their struggle, who want to come to us and should be encouraged and not prevented from coming.

Forest Hills, N. Y. MILLEN BRAND.

Praise and Otherwise

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I'VE been praising and damning NEW MASSES and its predecessors for seventeen years, so don't pay too much attention to this.

About three months ago you were being, on the whole, a little dull; and I decided that when Sam the magazine man came around Thursday I'd look over the *Nation* and the *New Republic* as well as NEW MASSES before handing him my weekly fifteen cents. Once or twice, I believe, I bought one of the others; but when I did I felt I was missing what I needed—call it guidance, or the straight dope—and now I'm regular again.

This literary section is very excellent. Not Freeman's piece—he's a writer I like, but his forte is personal experience and slambang; this article is just too heavy and graceless to plow through to the end. Nor Carmer's—I'm sick of articles *about* myths; much better print *a* myth. But Bruen's gets across, and Hicks' rhyme is wonderful. You ought to have led the supplement with it; it's a classic. And Wall's story is extraordinary, too. He's a new name to me; keep right on his tail; there's a talent; make him work for you.

In the main section North is good, but Cohen is splendid—one of those things that throw a white glare on the mysteries. Reading it has made me resolve to write to Hull and F. D. Another fine dope editorial on Aylesworth. Glad to see you giving Ickes his due. Tell us more—all you can—about *Ken.* (I bought the first issue, glanced through it, and began telling people "This *looks* great, but wait till I read it." Reading lowered my opinion, of course, and now maybe its honest editors are going to resign. But why worry much over the "Ultimate Winners" cartoon? Deal with it as with Ickes' anti-Red blasts. The point is that Communists want allies against fascism, and those desired allies are nearly all anti-Communist too. You have to avoid all avoidable quarrels with them; overlook everything you can, deal gently and calmly with what you can't overlook, encourage by praise wherever possible.)

The foregoing applies to Bliven's letter. "And is this not 'advocating rapprochement with Hitler without political conditions'?" I said right out loud in the train, "It is not." Bet most of your readers did. You know damn well trade arrangements do not constitute rapprochement. Conceivably, Browder himself could have justified his assertion, though I doubt it; you certainly failed. A note of regret and correction, coupled with a new and solidly founded attack, was in order—and would have been much stronger. Incidentally, Browder's series was fine; it weaned me pretty thoroughly from the tempting isolation pap.

Here are two dollars toward the $20,000. With all best wishes,

New York City. J. P.

Peace-Strike Message

FOLLOWING is a greeting from Rockwell Kent, forwarded to NEW MASSES by a University of Chicago student, to be read at the April 27 peace strike at that university.

"I must be under no illusion as to why I have been asked to send this greeting to you. I am old enough to have what all your lives you'll hear called 'common sense'; but I haven't it. I am experienced enough to have become 'prudent'; but I'm not prudent. I have responsibilities enough, God knows, to have learned to be 'practical'; and I haven't learned to be practical. I just haven't learned.

"I still believe, as you do, that it's wrong for a few people to be rich at the cost of millions being poor; that starvation in a land of plenty is outrageous; that lack of opportunity to work is preposterous; that war is murder. I still don't like bankers, gamblers, exploiters, politicians, and gangsters. I still believe that people—all people, everywhere—should be free and prosperous and happy. *I haven't learned*—I should confess it now with shame—*that human nature can't be changed.* Because I haven't learned that, I am greeting you today.

"But is there nothing I can bring to you but what all youth already knows? Have I learned *nothing?* Yes, I have learned. I've learned that the idealism of youth is nearer to the truth than anything we'll ever know. That it's better for a man to lose his life than his belief in life. And that if youth keeps its belief—keeps its belief in what seems true to youth—it will become a power that will change the world.

"It's time to change the world: let's change it.

"Faithfully yours,

"ROCKWELL KENT."

Artists in Jersey City

TO THE NEW MASSES:

WE all know of methods of fascist countries in their dealings with creative artists—writers, actors, artists. Until last week we did not know that such conditions could exist in a free democracy.

Several of us in search of first-hand material showing slum-housing went to Jersey City and quite naturally started to make drawings of the Sixth Street tenement districts. We worked inconspicuously from an automobile, and were amazed when we were accosted by the police, ordered to drive to the Second Precinct station house, and held for some time in the guardroom without any charges being placed against us.

We were informed by the police that some citizen had complained—at least that was the explanation of the station commander. What the nature of the complaint was is still a mystery to us. The only thing the police did say was that we were "frightening decent persons."

How in the world artists could be frightening decent people by making drawings of slum tenements is something we cannot comprehend, but perhaps fascists can. When the police learned that these drawings were to be part of the exhibition on housing, "Roofs for Forty Million," now on view in the seventh-floor galleries of La Maison Française, Rockefeller Center, sponsored by An American Group, Inc., they took instant action.

The sketch books of the artists were scanned closely. Our car was searched while we were in the guardroom. When the police found that we were artists and that the drawings accurately showed housing conditions in Jersey City, they held a long conference—went into a huddle to decide what to do with us. This, too, was after they had found that the exhibition was to be held at Rockefeller Center.

Repeated demands to the police that we be told why we had been detained, and on what charge, brought only the reply, "You'll find out soon enough." Asking if it was against the law in Jersey City for artists to draw, we were told, "You have to come to the police before you can draw anything in this town."

Apparently because they had found no pistols, revolvers, blackjacks, dirks, or nitroglycerine on us or in our car, the police decided to let us go. In the meantime police officers of the guardroom had been looking over the sketch books with avid interest, asking us how artists worked, and about the mechanical details of painting. As the captain came into the guardroom one patrolman was saying, "You'd never miss this picture for being anything but Sixth Street. That's Sixth Street just as it is."

This infuriated the captain. He shouted: "You can get out now, but don't ever come back to Jersey City or New Jersey. Stay in New York where you belong."

Not content with detaining us and depriving us of our liberty without charge, and destroying our work, the police of Jersey City followed our car to the Hoboken ferry to see that we did leave New Jersey, as they had ordered.

This sort of treatment could and does happen in fascist countries. Now it *has happened here!*

PHILIP EVERGOOD,
BRUCE MITCHELL,
LOUIS RIBAK.

Letters in Brief

ELIZABETH LAWSON of the Workers' School, informs us of a new departure in Marxist education. A full-time summer day-school will be held in New York from July 5 to August 12. Classes will be held from Monday through Thursday, from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. The fee is $25, and courses will be offered in political economy, Marxism-Leninism, and American history. Those interested may communicate with the Summer Day School at 35 E. 12th St., New York City. . . . Congressman Jerry O'Connell, of Montana, will address the members of the Book and Magazine Guild and the general public on "Civil Liberties and the American People," on Friday, April 22, at 8 p.m., at the Central Industrial High School, 42nd St., between Second and Third Aves., New York City. . . . The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade will sponsor a meeting for Spain at the New York Hippodrome on Saturday night, April 23. Members of the Group Theatre, Ed Wynn, Paul Draper, Molly Picon Marc Blitzstein, Duke Ellington, Will Geer, and others will entertain.

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Moods and Tenses of John Dos Passos

U.S.A., *by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.*
JOURNEYS BETWEEN WARS, *by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.*

JOHN DOS PASSOS' publishers are wisely doing their part to make the country conscious of him as a major literary figure, and they have accordingly issued two omnibus volumes of his work. *U. S. A.* is, of course, his famous trilogy: *The 42nd Parallel, 1919,* and *The Big Money. Journeys Between Wars* is made up of his travel books: much of *Rosinante to the Road Again* (1922), almost the whole of *Orient Express* (1927), and most of those sections of *In All Countries* (1934) that deal with foreign lands. It also contains some sixty pages on Dos Passos' visit to Spain a year ago.

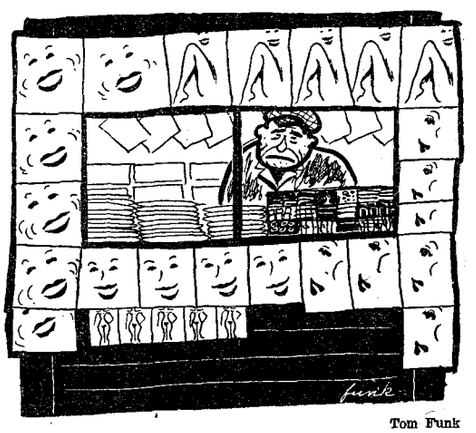
Comparison of the two books makes it quite clear that Dos Passos' deeper experiences go into his novels, leaving his more casual impressions to be recorded in the travel essays. *Journeys Between Wars* shows that he is at his best when he is describing the persons he meets or recording his own moods. The *padrone* in the Spanish restaurant, the Sayid on the Orient express, the Danish accountant on his way home from America—these are effectively drawn. And the journal of the camel ride from Bagdad to Dasmascus is as pleasant a personal record as can be found in modern literature. But there is not much—and I have now read most of these essays twice—that the mind holds onto. Other novelists—Gide, Lawrence, Huxley—have written travel books that belong with their major works, but not Dos Passos.

The explanation, which has some importance for the understanding of Dos Passos as a writer, seems to me fairly clear. He deals, consistently and no doubt deliberately, with impressions—the specific scene, the precise emotions, the exact conversation. The seeing eye—even "the camera eye"—is admittedly the first virtue of the travel writer. But it is equally certain that the memorable travel writers have not been afraid to draw conclusions from what they saw. Don Passos is afraid: no milder word will do. What one feels in *Journeys Between Wars* is neither a casual holiday from the job of thinking nor a conscientious elimination of ideas for some literary purpose but a deep emotional unwillingness to face the intellectual implications of things seen and heard.

And the extraordinary thing is that this shrinking from conclusions is to be found even in the last section, the section dealing with Spain in 1937. Dos Passos tells of crossing the border from France, of a night on the road, of executions in Valencia, of a bombardment of Madrid, of a fiesta of the Fifteenth Brigade, of a trip through some villages, and of an interview with officials of the P.O.U.M. But there is not a word about the issues between the loyalists and the fascists, not a word about the differences between the loyalist government and the P.O.U.M. It seems incredible that any author, considering all that is involved in Spain today, could keep such silence. Do not suppose that Dos Passos is merely maintaining an artistic objectivity, holding back his own opinions so that the reader can arrive unhampered at the truth. He simply has refused to think his way through to clear convictions. He has sympathies—with the loyalists as against the fascists and apparently with the P.O.U.M. as against the government. But even the Spanish crisis cannot shake him into thought.

The only approximation to a conclusion comes as Dos Passos is leaving Spain, and, characteristically, it is in the form of a question: "How can they win, I was thinking? How can the new world of confusion and crosspurposes and illusions and dazzled by the mirage of idealistic phrases win against the iron combination of men accustomed to run things who have only one idea binding them together, to hold on to what they've got?" This passage has been quoted by almost every conservative reviewer of the book, and quoted with undisguised satisfaction. "We told you so," one could hear them saying. "There's no sense in trying to help Spain. It's all foolishness to hope for social justice anywhere. Let's make the best of things as they are."

The truth is that it is impossible to avoid having opinions, and the only question is whether or not they are based on adequate information and clear thinking. If Dos Passos had faced the responsibility of the writer, and especially the radical writer, to use his intellect as well as his eyes, if he had been concerned, not with avoiding conclusions, but with arriving at sound ones, I think he would have come out of Spain with something more to say than these faltering words of despair.



Tom Funk

Afraid to think, he has yielded to a mood, and the reactionaries are delighted with his surrender. Both that surrender and his flirtation with the P.O.U.M. are results of an essential irresponsibility.

Dos Passos' irresponsibility takes two forms: unwillingness to think and unwillingness to act. Several years ago, I remember, at the time when he was perhaps closest to the Communist Party, he said something to the effect that he was merely a camp-follower. In *Journeys Between Wars* there is a revealing passage. (It is, of course, creditably characteristic of Dos Passos to reveal himself.) When he was leaving the Soviet Union in 1928, the director and the actors of the Sanitary Propaganda Theatre came to see him off. The director said, "They want to know. They like you very much, but they want to ask you one question. They want you to show your face. They want to know where you stand politically. Are you with us?" Dos Passos continues: "The iron twilight dims, the steam swirls round us, we are muddled by the delicate crinkly steam of our breath, the iron crown tightens on the head, throbbing with too many men, too many women, too many youngsters seen, talked to, asked questions of, too many hands shaken, too many foreign languages badly understood. 'But let me see. . . . But maybe I can explain. . . . But in so short a time . . . there's not time.' The train is moving. I have to run and jump for it."

The passage, so palpably sincere and so pleasant, reminds us that, even in a broader sense, Dos Passos has always been uncommonly detached. Indeed, detachment is almost the keynote of *Journeys Between Wars.* In the extracts from *Rosinante* Dos Passos is "the traveler"; in *Orient Express* he is "the eastbound American"; in the Russian section he is "the American Peesatyel." Perhaps it is no wonder that in writing about Spain in 1937 he is still merely an observer. It is no wonder that he has seldom tried to write about the revolutionary movement from inside, and, when he has tried, has failed. It is no wonder that he has never communicated the sense of the reality of comradeship, as Malraux, for example, communicates it in *Days of Wrath.*

Yet there was a time when Dos Passos seemed willing to try to think clearly and to feel deeply. His second play, *Airways, Inc.,* was bad dramatically, but in it Dos Passos at least made an attempt to be clear. There was a sharp difference between that play and *The Garbage Man,* and an even greater difference between *The 42nd Parallel,* first novel of his triology, and *Manhattan Transfer.* In *The 42nd Parallel* Dos Passos seemed for the first time to have mastered the American scene. The technical devices used in this novel and *1919* perplexed some readers, but Dos Passos himself appeared to be relatively clear about what he was trying to do.

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"Can you do us a colorful series on 'Why We Don't Need Government Relief?'"

Airways, Inc. was published in 1928, *The 42nd Parallel* in 1930, and *1919* in 1932. Here, then, are three or four years of comparative clarity. And in those years Dos Passos was close to Communism. At this time he actually believed in something like the Marxian analysis of history, and it worked. He also felt a stronger confidence in the working class. Communism did not make him a novelist, but it made him a better novelist.

What I failed to realize at the time of the publication of *1919* was the extent to which Dos Passos' interest in the Communist Party was a matter of mood. He had not sufficiently overcome his fear of conclusions to make a serious study of Marxism, and he had only partly subdued his passion for aloofness. Little things could—and, as it happened, did—disturb him. He was on the right track, but not much was required to derail him.

In the four years since he left the track Dos Passos has gone a long and disastrous way. Last summer, as has been said, he came out of Spain with nothing but a question mark, and committed himself to a hysterical isolationism that might almost be called chauvinistic. Last December he and Theodore Dreiser held a conversation that was published in *Direction.* Dos Passos' confusion—equaled, I hasten to say, by Dreiser's—is unpleasant to contemplate for anyone who expects some semblance of intellectual dignity in a prominent novelist. He is still looking for an impartial observer of the Soviet Union, and thinks he has found one in Victor Serge. His new-found devotion to the United States continues to run high: "America is probably the country where the average guy has got a better break." "You can't get anywhere," he says, "in talking to fanatic Communists." He talks about revolution: "A sensible government would take over industries and compensate the present owners, and then deflate the money afterwards." And this is his contribution to economics: "Every time there is a rise in wages, prices go up at the A. & P."

After one has noted the banality, the naïveté, and the sheer stupidity of most of Dos Passos' remarks in his talk with Dreiser, one knows that politically he is as unreliable as a man can be and is capable of any kind of preposterous vagary. But I am interested in Dos Passos' politics only insofar as they influence his writings, as of course they do. When *1919* appeared, I believed that Dos Passos had established his position as the most talented of American novelists—a position he still holds. As early as 1934, however, I was distressed by his failure to shake off habits of mind that I had thought—quite erroneously, as it turns out—were dissolving under the influence of contact with the revolutionary movement. At that time, reviewing *In All Countries,* I said: "Dos Passos, I believe, is superior to his bourgeois contemporaries because he is, however incompletely, a revolutionist, and shares, however imperfectly, in the vigor of the revolutionary movement, its sense of purpose, its awareness of the meaning of events, and its defiance of buorgeois pessimism and decay. He is also, it seems to me, superior to any other revolutionary writer because of the sensitiveness and the related qualities that are to be found in this book and, much more abundantly, in his novels. Some day, however, we shall have a writer who surpasses Dos Passos, who has all that he has and more. He will not be a camp-follower."

Now that Dos Passos is not in any sense a revolutionist and does not share at all in the vigor of the revolutionary movement, what about the virtues that I attributed to his association with the Communist Party? I am afraid the answer is in *The Big Money,* most of which was written after 1934. One figure dominates *The Big Money* to an extent that no one figure dominated either *The 42nd Parallel* or *1919.* It is Charley Anderson, the symbol of the easy-money Twenties, the working stiff who gets to be a big shot. ("America is probably the country where the average guy has got a better break.") His desperate money-making and drinking and fornicating take place against a background of unhappy rich people and their unhappy parasites. Further in the background are some equally unhappy revolutionists, who are either futile or vicious. ("You can't get anywhere in talking to fanatic Communists.")

It seems to me foolish to pretend that an author doesn't choose his material. Dos Passos didn't have to lay his principal emphasis on the hopeless mess that the capitalist system makes of a good many lives. He didn't have to make his two Communists narrow sectarians. He didn't have to make the strongest personal note in the book a futilitarian elegy for Sacco and Vanzetti. There must have been a good deal in the Twenties that he left out, for large masses of people did learn something from the collapse of the boom, and the Communist Party did get rid of factionalism, and the workers did save Angelo Herndon and the Scottsboro Boys, even though they failed to save Sacco and Vanzetti. *The Big Money,* in other words, grows out of the same prejudices and misconceptions, the same confusion and blindness, as the conversation with Dreiser.

The difference is, of course, that there is a lot in *The Big Money* besides these faulty notions. I have written elsewhere about Dos Passos' gifts, and I need only say here that I admire them as strongly as ever. I know of no contemporary American work of fiction to set beside *U. S. A.* But I also know that, because of the change in mood that came between *1919* and *The Big Money, U. S. A.* is not so true, not so comprehensive, not so strong as it might have been. And, though I have acquired caution enough not to predict Dos Passos' future direction, I know that, if he follows the path he is now on, his claims to greatness are already laid before us and later critics will only have to fill in the details of another story of genius half-fulfilled.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

A Distorted View of Walt Whitman

WALT WHITMAN'S POSE, *by Esther Shephard. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.75.

MISS SHEPHARD'S argument, in this queerest of all books about Whitman, is that the author of *Leaves of Grass* "learned how to be the poet-prophet of the nineteenth century from suggestions he got from a book, and that, in order to gain a reputation for originality, he thought it necessary to hide the

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source of his inspiration under a guise of 'naturalness' and feigned ignorance." The book that had this extraordinary effect upon the mind of Walt Whitman was George Sand's *Countess of Rudolstadt,* or rather it was not even that book as a whole, but its Epilogue—a passage in which appears, clad in the garments of a herdsman or a laborer, the figure of a kind of poet-prophet or answerer. This personage gives expression to some of the transcendental and humanitarian sentiments that one finds, not always in a very different guise, in the chants of *Leaves of Grass.* Transformed from the commonplace journalist he had been before reading this passage, Whitman set himself to the task of composing and offering to the world a great Poem of Humanity in which he himself should falsely appear as the Trismegistus of George Sand's eloquent Epilogue.

It was not part of his program, however, Miss Shephard argues, to admit his vital indebtedness to the Frenchwoman, and in fact Whitman "spent the rest of his life concealing the source of his inspiration" in a manner that presents him to us as "a small man, willing to prostitute his honest feelings for the sake of personal fame," "a poseur, always pretending to be what he was not, posing as a great religious prophet, 'Hebraic and mystic,' uttering Truth but actually being, in his character as seer, merely an artificer carefully concealing his secret sources," "engaged in weaving a web of deceit and subterfuge and prevarication."

It does not seem likely that this eccentric view of Whitman's imaginative development, of his powers as a writer, and of his personal character, will gain any very wide acceptance, but since it is just possible that Miss Shephard's "discovery" will be exploited along with other interpretations to discredit Whitman as a poet of democracy, it may be worth while to say how much it amounts to. To do this is to point out that, in one sense, there is a good deal more in the contention than Miss Shephard herself makes of it, and that, in another sense, there is little or nothing in it. There is more in it than she contends because it is so interestingly true that Whitman did read the novels of George Sand—especially the *Countess* and its predecessor *Consuelo*—so eagerly, so repeatedly, and so responsively. The view he found set forth, in those two closely connected books, of the transcendental mission of the arts, of the spiritual role of the artist, and of the Religion of Humanity did certainly affect him deeply. It was, however, the two books together and as a whole that cast this spell over his mind, *Consuelo* at least as much as the *Countess,* and indeed so evidently and unmistakably that one finds literally unintelligible Miss Shephard's remark that *Consuelo* "had no influence on Whitman that would be traceable in *Leaves of Grass.*" Yet the Trismegistus of the Epilogue is simply, in his later years, the Albert, Count of Rudolstadt, who has played a leading role throughout the two books, and who has again and again given voice to the kind of views he recurs to, with perhaps a new exaltation, in that final passage. It is odd, too, that in her search for "sources," Miss Shephard was not struck by a remarkable passage in *Consuelo* that was almost certainly one of the imaginative germs of the "Song of the Open Road."

In another sense, as I say, there is little or nothing in the thesis of this book, and that for the plain reason that, far from concealing in some sinister manner his debt to George Sand, Whitman spoke of her, as it appears, again and again, at least in later life, to such friends as the Gilchrists, Kennedy, Harrison Morris, and Traubel, and that on two or three occasions he mentioned her respectfully in print. So, in fact, Miss Shephard herself points out, she could hardly have ignored Whitman's enthusiastic conversations with the Gilchrist family about Consuelo as a greater character than any of Shakespeare's heroines, or his remarks to Traubel on the "historic preciousness [of *Consuelo*] to me," or his mention of the book in a very late prose sketch for a magazine as one of his favorites. Miss Shephard makes note of all these facts herself, and as she does so her grandiose conception of Walt Whitman's "pose" evaporates —for the unsuspicious ordinary reader at least —into thin air. Readers of that type will surely feel that there is something a little forced in Miss Shephard's suggestion that the old poet's speaking so frankly about George Sand as he did to Horace Traubel "is a clever trick by which he intends to keep the young man who is to be his 'historian' from ever discovering how great was his debt to this novel." At this pace, pretty much any case whatever can be made out against any poet who ever composed a page of verse.

The book, in short, is a kind of unwitting parody on a tendency that is present in a great deal of "scholarly" writing on such literary questions—the tendency, I mean, to pounce upon some new or apparently new fact or source or connection or what not, and instead of fitting it judiciously into its place in a balanced structure of interpretation, to blow it up to the proportions of a rubber giant in a carnival and insist on its dominating the whole landscape. George Sand was certainly one of the writers who gave Walt Whitman's mind the bent that it increasingly took: it is curious that more has not been made of the point long since. But she was only one, and she affected him as she did only because his sensibility was already prepared for her influence—prepared, after all, primarily, by his own temper, his own particular genius, and also by the whole intellectual climate of his age. If Whitman had not already or concurrently been reading Goethe and Rousseau and Coleridge, Carlyle and Emerson and Margaret Fuller, it is doubtful whether the Epilogue to the *Countess* would have struck his fancy more than momentarily; and, of course, if all those other writers had not been the great characteristic poets of the age, George Sand would not have written the books that we have in *Consuelo* and its sequel. Without *Biographia Literaria* and "The Hero as

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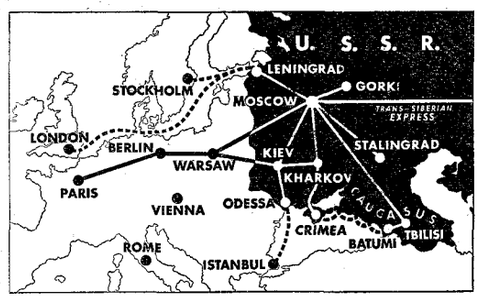

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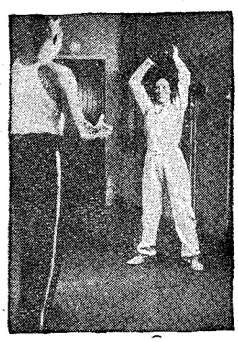

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Poet" and Emerson's essay on "The Poet," the rapt Trismegistus of the Epilogue would have spoken to Whitman in vain—if indeed Trismegistus himself would have been conceived by his creator. All this is the A, B, C of criticism, but like other "elements," it seems to call for occasional restatement.

As for the "pose" of Walt Whitman—well, that is not the simplest matter in the world, and many things would have to be said about it if space served. When one is assured that the poet of the "Song of Myself" and "Drum-Taps" was a conscienceless poseur, one is tempted to fall back upon some weak paraphrase of Lincoln's alleged and hackneyed comment on the whiskey of which General Grant was said to drink so much. Miss Shephard herself is troubled by some confused feeling of this sort. "If *Leaves of Grass* is a great work of art," she says, "it will not matter much in the final appraisal where the inspiration of that work of art came from." She is inclined to believe that some of the poems in that book have a certain power. One could wish that she had dwelt more thoughtfully on this somewhat more fundamental question: if she had done so, it is possible that her startling "discovery" might have seemed less vital than she makes it out to be.

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> We looked west from a rise and we saw
> forever and, with a child in a beach tent,
> Get to California with the sunshine
> Shining in the sunshine in the sun and always, the wandering tired
> We don't know
> We aren't sure
> We're wondering

He has taken these people's faces and translated the inarticulate physical life seen in them to a lost periodless quality. The big stuff is very often right:

> We told ourselves we were free because
> we were free.
> We were free because we were that kind.
> We were Americans.

But see how it is in somebody else's mouth, whether the orthodox "we" is there or not. That "we" so many critics suffer over is not so important, once the tone is there. The thing is really not to fall into the grandiose tone that is in another tradition altogether. You can get evocative names all over the country, and string them out into geographical rigmarole, a childish lesson-mumble; or they can be forced into a fine and stubborn order. With meaning. MacLeish has made poetry out of the pictures, and that's what he said he meant; that comes through, well, perfectly. The stills here, and in *The River,* sequence by sequence, are sharp and fine and to the point. The stunt is fine; MacLeish's instincts have been adventurous and right as far as his new forms have gone, all along. The verse-play with the ticker; the radio play; the book of pictures. But, in each case, the form deserved a new *kind* of poetry if it was really to carry itself along. Here we need something like a poem, something like movie titles, something like news in lights around the *Times* building. We have the scenes given us, thanks to these photographers, thanks to MacLeish: clean maps of miles of ground seen from the air, rows of curved furrows, the child's doll-face with its healthy flesh and the eaten-away face of the doll, men plowing, traveling, waiting. We need more of this all

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BRUCE MINTON.

I KNOW THESE DICTATORS, *by G. Ward Price. Henry Holt & Co.* $3.

G. Ward Price is the roving correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* who has managed to get most of the exclusive interviews with Hitler and Mussolini in the past few years. Both dictators have adopted him as their favorite sounding-board in England. His book is just one elaborate glorification and "humanization" of his benefactors. Mussolini never made a mistake; Hitler never wronged a soul; neither aspire to anything but world peace. Mr. Price's favorite political panacea for all existing problems is an Anglo-German-Italian alliance. But the photomontage on the cover is symbolic. It shows Hitler and Mussolini, side by side, superimposed upon a map of Europe. They are looking towards France, and beyond.

IRENE LANE.

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF PACIFISM *edited by Aldous Huxley. Harper & Bros.* 50 cents.

These are lean days for pacifists, and it would be less than kind to grudge them this handy, pocket-size encyclopaedia giving all the answers from "Armaments, Private Manufacture of" to "Women in Modern War, Position of." Essentially they are the same answers as were put forth in *Eyeless in Gaza, What to Do About It,* and *Means and Ends,* but arranged in the manner of a Lydia Pinkham directions booklet. Conceived in Mr. Huxley's agile mind, they are probably the best pacifist arguments that can be constructed, but, as has been pointed out in NEW MASSES reviews of the above three books, they are not good enough.

GEORGE L. ROSENBERG.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Shakespeare, Ibsen Revivals

SHAKESPEARE, Ibsen, and Clifford Goldsmith of Philadelphia had plays produced last week on Broadway, and of them all Mr. Goldsmith fared the best. The Shakespearean work was that dreary slapstick called *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* which, in Shakespeare's history, represents a play written by royal command of Queen Elizabeth. She wanted the lusty Falstaff to be in love, and Shakespeare provided her with a mud-pie comedy in which the great figure is vulgarized and feebly equipped with wit. In a half-designed, half-directed, and badly acted production, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* played four performances at the Empire Theatre. The producer was Robert Henderson, known chiefly for operating summer stock in a dignified way. The cast included Estelle Winwood, who should know better, and Effie Shannon, who, veteran though she is, could not help this work. The Falstaff was Louis Lytton, of California, who stomped, bumbled, and sputtered through the part in the way that is usually described as competent.

Ibsen was revived in the form of *The Wild Duck,* presented at the Forty-Ninth Street Theatre by one Henry Forbes. The latter had announced his purpose of taking the William Archer translation and substituting American for English idiom. He did that to some extent, but the language was still much too ponderous to match the modern clothes in which Mr. Forbes saw fit to garb his actors. Then, too, the direction was of a dull, ponderous kind. Too much reverence for a classic seemed to hang heavy over the stage, in spite of the modern touches. The pace was much too slow and nothing was done to indicate that the people in *The Wild Duck* are relevant on the current stage. Mr. Clifford Goldsmith's contribution, a comedy about a high school, is *What a Life,* a hit at the Biltmore. With *Brother Rat,* about the military schools, now behind him George Abbott, the producer, has retreated to a younger generation in the high school. Mr. Abbott has had no luck with anything of an adult nature he has tried this season. Three flops are behind him: *Brown Sugar,* a stupidly vicious treatment of Harlem, *Angel Island,* a pallid melodrama, and *All That Glitters,* a cheap comedy melodrama about a whore-lady who made good on Park Avenue.

What a Life is almost incredibly naïve in its attitude toward the youth of the nation. The story is pure *Saturday Evening Post.* The hero is a sixteen-year-old boy who is always getting into trouble. He is the principal's most frequent caller. He comes late, copies his answers from other students, and is finally accused of stealing the instruments of the band. He suffers from an aggravated case of self-deprecation and is reconciled to being in the wrong in any given situation. His only talent is drawing, and that gets him nowhere because he draws only caricatures of his teachers, which inevitably get to the subjects.

Part of Mr. Goldsmith's observation of high-school life is reasonably accurate. He leaves out, however, any idea that the children might also have brains. They behave more like the sixth grade than juniors in high school. However, approached lightly, *What a Life* will do for an evening of laughter. The leading role is magnificently played by Ezra Stone, who is only twenty-four or so himself. The other parts are handled with accuracy, and the deftness of the famous Abbott direction is everywhere evident.

JOHN WELLS.

Recently Recommended Plays

Prologue to Glory (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.). Federal Theatre production of E. P. Conkle's play about Lincoln's early life, the affair with Ann Rutledge, and his first steps away from the life of the New Salem country store.

Haiti (Lafayette, N. Y.). Rex Ingram plays the lead in this stirring tale of how one of Toussaint L'Overture's generals foiled Napoleon's attempt to restore slavery in Haiti.

One-third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The current issue of The Living Newspaper, headlining the lack of adequate housing for President Roosevelt's 33 1-3 percent, and emphasizing the need for action. Thoroughly documented, witty, and admirably produced.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Alternating with *Julius Caesar* and produced by the Mercury Theatre, Dekker's play represents with vigor and authority the Elizabethan love of life. A bawdy and lusty comedy that must be seen.

Hollywood in the Air

I MUST agree with the press agent for *Test Pilot,* new M.G.M. melodrama at the Capitol, that it is "Hollywood at its best!" The cast is of the best: Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy. The dialogue is the monosyllabic speech of the pilots, the mechanics, and their barroom companions; Frank Wead's plot of the terrifying way of life of a man who knows he is doomed to spectacular death, and the strain this fact puts upon his wife and his friend, is piled up with gripping effect. Finally, another of Hollywood's virtues, the wonderful trick-effects of Slavko Vorkspitch in the air scenes, the grand violence they get in airplane and gangster pictures, is here. Gable is a charming, nerveless rascal who swoops down on Myrna's farm and carries her off on his smoking steed; Spencer Tracy is his majordomo and mechanic, rescuing him from the women and the hangovers, catching on again with one of his rockbottom, taciturn crony sketches, so real you can meet that kind in any garage, foundry, or airport. There is a definite spirit and mood in *Test Pilot,* some dialogue almost of poetry but spoiled by Myrna Loy's flat delivery, and always that guy Tracy keeping it genuine. It has to end, of course, with a phony denial of the logical direction it has taken, with Tracy dead and Clark with a ground job, a baby, and a happy wife. Lionel Barrymore drips all over the place, with his tongue sticking clear through his cheek, in one of those ripe old father-confessor roles, just like the ones in *Navy Blue and Gold* and *A Yank at Oxford,* a really disgusting business in a picture as good as this one. I wet my palms frequently at the suspense of *Test Pilot.*

Test Pilot is also the name of an autobiographical story by Jimmy Collins, greatest of the test pilots. The movie does not follow his book but it suggests that the unsavory manufacturer, Lionel Barrymore, is as much a hazard for the airmen as the stunts he has them do. Scenarist Wead does not mean to say this, but Barrymore's unctuous performance accidently leaves the impression. Science must march on: the limits of performance must be found by throwing planes into screaming power dives. The pilot who survives the test gets a handsome check, but the genial manufacturer multiplies the sum in profits from the test pilot's courage. Jimmy Collins realized this and became a Communist. He lived in danger from the Greek

Recently Recommended Movies

Life Dances on. A French *tour de force,* marked by the finest acting in years by Pierre Blanchar, Françoise Rosay, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet, Raimu, Fernandel and others. Highly recommended.

Lenin in October. The reincarnation of Lenin by Boris Shchukin is of magnificent fidelity and regard to detail. Made for the celebration of twenty years of Soviet power. A triumph in theater art.

Mad About Music. A musical with Deanna Durbin. The first musical in a year of Tuesdays from which you could drop the music and still have first-rate entertainment.

The Adventures of Chico. An animal picture by the Woodard Brothers of Mexico. Authentic photography; a rare and beautiful picture.

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"Behind the Scenes in Washington"
WEDNESDAY—MAY 11

• GRANVILLE HICKS
American Literary Scene 1938
WEDNESDAY—MAY 18

All lectures will begin at 8:30 p. m.

Since the New Masses is sponsoring the debate between Earl Browder and Frederick J. Libby on May 4, the original date set for the Granville Hicks' Lecture; Mr. Hicks' lecture will take place on May 18.

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fates of the upper air—the ancient physical enemy of Icarus and the Wright brothers, but he shared a greater danger with earthlings—the hazards of capitalism. He was cheated of the first he might have made against the latter by a crash—an occupational risk only more spectacular than the silicosis or radium poisoning of anonymous workers.

The picture admirably handles the dangerous work of the test pilot: it gets inside the emotional implications of such a job. For the answer that Jimmy Collins made we must look in other places.

The Volga Boatman was made in Paris and directed by a White Russian with a cast led by Pierre Blanchar and Charles Vanel of the Comédie Française. This is another turgid version of the handsome officer in love with his superior's woman and it is laughably bad, as though the director had been asleep for twenty years and was trying make something to be shown in the Imperial closet to make the Czarina cry. Blanchar and Vanel are buried in the rubbish. Inkijinoff, renegade from Soviet studios, who paused in Nazi Germany to make a jingo film about the Ukraine, has wound up in Paris playing in stuff like this—rather poetic justice, I'd say.

JAMES DUGAN.

Street-Level Sculpture Show

IT has been harder for the modern sculptor than for any other artist to hack past critics and stuffy galleries to the people themselves. This year the sculptors, organized in a Guild, have done it, though. On a street corner lot at 39 St. and Park Ave., New York City, they have brought their art to the people. Admission is a thin dime. To enter you don't go upstairs or downstairs or inside. You stay on your own level, street level. Approaching along the sidewalk, you spy shapes of stone and plaster sticking up over the canvas-covered bamboo fence. Inside, the playful April sun shines on the horns of a stone goat, a leaf-shadow quivers on the nipple of a bronze nude, a springtime wind flows around a man with a scythe. The sun drops, the moon rises over the East River, a blind man caresses a shape of granite, the crowds linger in the dark moonlight, there is a flicker of matches. Here is Margot, the daughter of Albert Einstein, there are Henry Morgenthau and Edward Bruce and Stanley Isaacs, honorary sponsors. "I've always been dissatisfied with sculpture in museums," says Mr. Isaacs. "I like the natural background here." Everyone likes it. They like the sculpture because its craftsmanship is clean, its interest broadly human, there is little dead decoration and conventional trifling in pieces like Minna Harkavy's bronze *Hall Johnson* or John Flannagan's granite *Goat* or Glickman's *Young Nude*, cast in stone, or Ferber's cherrywood *Man* or Goodleman's marble *Mother and*

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"OIL & THE CASE OF MEXICO": discussion by Dr. Moses Saenz, Mexican diplomat and educator, Thurs., April 28, 8:15 p.m., Steinway Hall, Rm. 718, 113 W. 57 St. Adm. 25c. Aus. American Friends of the Mexican People.

INCOME LEVELS & THE AMERICAN FAMILY: lecture by Leo Huberman, 4 p.m., April 26. Harkness Academic Theatre, Columbia Univ. Library. Free.

"INSIDE NAZI GERMANY": documentary films & talk by JULIEN BRYAN, Friday eve, April 29, 8:30 p.m. at Seward Park High School. Benefit Sunnyside Progressive School. Subs: 55c & 75c. Tickets at Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th Street.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every Sunday night, 8:30 p. m. Workers School, 2nd floor, 35 East 12th Street. Admission, 20c.

PHILADELPHIA: MUSIC & SOCIETY; series of Fri. evenings with ANTHONY BYRNES, April to June, 8:30 p. m. Single admission, 25c. Philadelphia Music Center, 310 Juniper St., Philadelphia, Pa. ALL PROCEEDS FOR BENEFIT NEW MASSES.

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Child or Baizeman's hammered bronze *Song* or Cash's *Standing Nude* or Nat Werner's plaster *Man with a Scythe.*

But as you move down the neat graveled aisles, you ask yourself: why so many cute nudes, so many graceful animals, so many *inactive* mother-and-child's? Far too many of the eighty pieces here, especially by the better known artists, look like modern merchandise. Why, you wonder, have these organized sculptors failed to say what must certainly be on their minds, judging by the work they left behind in their studios? Why does not their sculpture, come down at last to street level, say something about the street itself, about the people on the street, the life of the people? From inside this lot I can hear the hum of traffic, the noise of construction, Grand Central, Times Square. I can hear a whole people working, relaxing, thinking about its destiny. Is sculpture more than enigma or enjoyable shape or frozen magic? If so, why is the life of a realistic people not here? I think of Egyptian sculpture, how the smallest of daily tasks were honored in stone—people at the well, in the field, at the hearth. I think also of nudes by Lehmbruck, Gaston Lachaise, George Kolbe, how the bodies of their sculptured women and men reveal, not hide, the agony and failure and hope of a people. And I wish, as I think of these, that this exhibition had thrown more of a defi at the Park Avenue towers that dominate this setting.

However, the year-old Sculptors Guild demands everybody's loyalty. It is dedicated by sculptors of progressive esthetic tendencies, to fight reaction and to win and keep freedom of artistic expression. A piece of Willian Zorach's was bought by the Metropolitan Museum, the courtyard of the Third Street Housing Project displays work by Adolph Woolf and Hugo Robus. This year, open competitions have supplanted arbitrary awards for sculpture on government buildings.

Much more, of course, can be done. Modern sculpture should be scattered throughout the city, not in closed lots, but in the open parks, in public buildings, in apartment-house courtyards, in squares, on the streets themselves.

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Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Current Questions Before Congress. A senator will discuss questions before the Senate, Thursday, April 21, 4:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Shakespeare Birthday Program. Orson Welles and others will speak, and a scene from one of the comedies will be played in the Elizabethan style, Sat., April 23, 6:45 p.m., C.B.S.

International Broadcast from London. Anthony Eden will speak. Tues., April 26, 3:35 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Current Questions Before Congress. A representative will discuss questions before the House, Tues., April 26, 4:45 p.m., C.B.S.

People's Lobby Program. Representative Teigan (F.-L., Minn.) and Irving Brant will speak on government monopolies, Sat., April 30, 2:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

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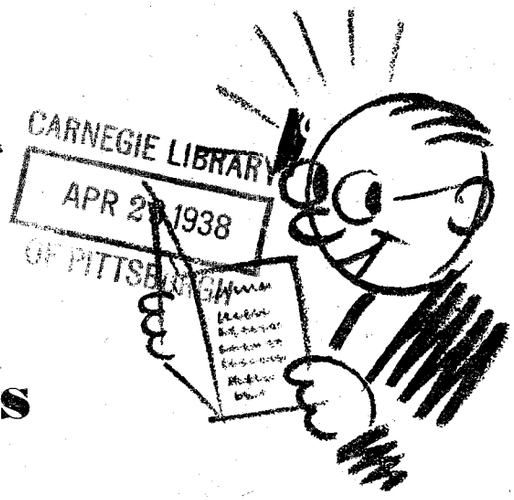

to 1177 readers

THIS letter is *not* addressed to the WYFIP who sent in 16 subs collected from his office in two days. It is *not* to the lady WYFIP in Hollywood who sent in 36 full-year subs, nor to the hero who delivered 29 fifteen-weekers over the counter the other day and promised to make it an even 30. The truth is I don't know just whom this letter is addressed to. So maybe you ought to read it—it might be to YOU.

Dear 1177:

Last February New Masses set out to get 5000 new readers by May 1.

This was not just for financial reasons. It was not for the sake of New Masses. It was for your sake, for the sake of your friends, and for the sake of carrying news and understanding of vital world issues to the thousands of middle-class people who need to be awakened and activized if democracy and peace are to be saved.

To date WYFIPs * have sent in 3823 of those 5000 subs. This is swell. But there are 1177 still to go and only 10 days to go in. So here's a straightforward proposition to 1177 of you readers who have not qualified as WYFIPs and who understand:

(1) What New Masses means to the progressive movement in America, in the world, today.

(2) That what New Masses means to you, it will also mean to your friends if they are only made aware of it.

(3) That when the WYFIPs say we'll get 5000 new readers by May 1, we really mean we're going to get them.

Don't remind me at this point that it was Charlie that made the promise. You WYFIPs never disputed, and you've sent in so many new subs I know you accepted the challenge. You've done noble, but we're on the home stretch and we've got to give a big extra push this next week.

So think of the article, editorial, story, book review, cartoon, or what-was-it that's meant the most to you in recent issues of New Masses. Was it the Browder series? Robert Forsythe's page on Whitney? Redfield's cartoon of the Trotskyite? Or last week's editorial on "America's Guilt in Spain?"

Now think of how much these might have meant to some non-subscribing friend of yours. Think what you're depriving him of when you don't sell him a subscription to New Masses. While you're still thinking, go right out and sell him—and send in the sub before it gets cold.

We can't all go to Spain. Only a few can go to Congress. Most of us can't write books or plays or music to spread progressive ideas. But there's not a single one of us who can't help build New Masses and help *all* the good causes along.

Remember, May 1 is May 1, 5000 is 5000, WYFIPs are wonderful, and whip-cracker Charlie is counting on 1177 more of you to come across this week!

Yours on the way to get some last-minute subs, and hoping you are the same,

Charlie Crawfut

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